

POEMS

SCRAP
BOOK

SB91

Madaket

The Madaket Road.

The moors, dear heart, the painted moors,
They call to you and me,
Come out and tread the winding road
That leads us to the sea.

The goldenrod and asters gay
Make bright our path before.
The fern and bay and salty air
Speak to us of the shore.

The fish hawk wheels above our heads,
And calls unto her mate
To meet her in the endless blue,
"Come swift, dear heart, tis late!"

On either hand the little ponds
Like sapphires on the breast
Of this dear island folded close
In loving arms, they rest.

Anon we glimpse the ocean's blue
As o'er the hill we rise,
And back of us the church tower
bright,
Guards us with loving eyes.

Now mile on mile the rolling moor
Under our eager feet
Flits by, and yet the sea ahead
Lures on, our steps to greet.

The dunes, the shore, the beach at last,
And ocean's song rings near,
The sands be spread, a golden floor,
The wild white horses rear.

How sweet as down life's path we
tread,
To hear upon the shore,
The splendor of love's song which
leads
Over the purple moor!

A. C. K.

September, 1918

Off Madaket. 1949

The sea breaks raucously on Madaket,
Spilling deep rushing thunder along
the beach,
Where corrugated bluffs, kept surface
wet
By leaping surf, shouts back to sea
the reach of rumbling wash.
No kelp draped rock can leisure here
in peace;
No iron tramp aground could brave
for long
This furor charging up with no sur-
cease.
It shatters things by glory of its song
In rumbling wash.
—Thomas Sweeney.

Madaket Sunset. 1932

Day could not die more beautifully
than this,
Wreathed in a bower of multi-tinted
clouds,
Sun spilling wonder on the awe-struck
sky
From east to west, and on into the
sea—
The very air is magic silver blue,
And silver blue the tossing waves are
too,
In their eternal, rhythmic poetry
Surging to the shore, white foam on
high,
Now, as the moors are decked in dark-
ness' shrouds
The scene is the embodiment of bliss—
On the brink of night the sun is gone;
The foot-stepped, silent beach waits
for the dawn,
As all the line of dune-grass sadden
seems
Blown by the wind into a time of
dreams.
—Dorothy Ruth Krouse.

No badeer

Seaward from the Moors At Nobadeer.

In a swirl of flashing pinions as they
rise

Above the beach, the grey gulls flap-
ping stream

Off seaward in a cloud, to rest atop
The tossing swells of a chill Novem-
ber sea —

With much fussy tucking-in of wings.

The whole flock gone, the beach de-
serted lies —

Or would, were not one solitary shape
Now visible, one gull whose right wing
drags

Along the sand. Futile his short,
despairing

Dashes to take off, flogging the air —
one

Wing only beats at his command. Now
stands

He looking seaward just above the
fringe

Of foam, blocked by even those small
breakers

From launching out upon the waters
— a lone

Form of dignity, but with pounding
heart

From his vain efforts, filled with vague
amaze

At this strange inability to launch
Out on the air and soar into

His element. So struts he, wishful,
trails

The fatal wing, helpless and dwindling
down

The vast misty reaches of the beach,
perhaps

With some instinctive presage of the
swift

Pounce to come of hawk or hound,
or of

The moonlight swoop of that great
soundless owl.

Meantime, oblivious or careless of
Their comrade's fate, the flock rides

bobbing

To the misty motion of the waves —
all bow —

To-windward, paddling gently and
shipshape,

Sighted but dimly through the
sunny haze

Upon the Indian summer sea.

Haydn Haines

Nantucket.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

The Sea-Shore in October.

IMMORTALITY.

Eternal themes proclaim the waters grand,
The sunset hues with golden lustre shine,
With aspect grave the waves move to the land,
And on dim heights is shed a light divine.

Of courage high sings the Celestial choir,
Of noble deeds—nature without alloy;
The glad waves brightly dashing on the shore
Bring to mankind tidings of deepest joy.

Migrating birds flock by on whisp'ring wing
To find beyond the sea a home more fair;
The tall, majestic cliffs strange shadows fling,
Mysterious echoes fill the radiant air.

No imperfection here—no agony,
All yearning merged in endless harmony.

MISS M. FOLGER COLEMAN.

Oct. 14, 1895.

Tom Neveng Head

TOM NEVER'S HEAD.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

[On the Island of Nantucket is a bluff called by
the above name, but wherefore I do not know.
A Picnic lunch upon that breezy height in 1879
(August 12) is commemorated in the following
lines, written somewhat in the style of Long-
fellow's "Old Clock on the Stairs."]

Near, but south, of 'Sconset vill
Rises fair a grassy hill,
At its feet the snowy sands;
Stretching far to foreign lands
Rolls the ocean deep and wide,
And, methinks, the billowy tide
Sayeth ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

For, thither on one summer day,
With dear friends, now far away,
Came I, won by friendship's word,
While my heart with joy was stirred
At the scene to me so fair,
And with words most welcome there,
Echoing ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

Scattered now are those who there
From that headland gazed afar—
Watched the sea-gull's circling flight,
Watched the breakers combing white;
Inland saw the grassy slopes
Undulate, like human hopes,
Saying ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

Yes, within our hearts it dwells—
Watches o'er the wave that swells
From the ocean stretched before
Till it strikes Nantucket's shore!
And we'll bear the picture bright
To that day that has no night:
Saying ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

Two are dwellers on that isle.
One is longing for its smile;
Cities fair before her spread,
Yet she craves Tom Never's Head—
Wishes one was by her side
Now by fair Niagara's tide;
Saying ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

Hark! the promise comes to me—
"There shall yet be no more sea;"
Naught shall loving hearts divide,
And the sweep of love's great tide
Shall the only ocean be
Through the long eternity!
Hush! Say ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

Let the boundless billows roll!
Naught can sever soul from soul!
And when once the spirit's free,
In our freedom—"There's no sea;"
Earth with all its charms may stay—
We—not earth—shall pass away!
Saying ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

And when summer zephyrs sigh,
And the island-lovers hie
To the seaside, let them stand
Where we viewed the flower-decked land—
Where we listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the shore,
Saying ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

Let them lift the psalm of praise,
Mingling with the voice that says,
"Friendship's golden light is shed
On Tom Never's lifted head,
And the jewel—never sold—
Memory's casket hence shall hold,
Saying ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

Jersey City, N. J.

1880

DIONIS.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

(In Memoriam of the infant daughter of Allen Coffin,
Esq., Secretary of the Coffin Reunion Association,
who died Sept. 30, 1880.)

Only a babe! yet gladly loving hearts
Gave her a place on earth,—
Then loving angels welcomed her above,
At her immortal birth.

The far, ancestral mother whose good name
She bore, we never knew;
Yet the blank record proves her to have been
A woman pure and true.

A woman on whose name there is no blot,
Whose soul was white as his
By whose dear side she walked till life was done,
Then sought the realm of bliss.

Too early for the hearts that loved thee well,
Sweet babe! thy summons came,
But thou hast carried our reverent thought above,
With thy clan-honored name.

Green be the turf above thine island-grave,
Fair blossoms deck the mound,
While on the head-stone is the name, no more
An unfamiliar sound.

And some bright morning, in the happier land,
That babe, to woman grown,
We'll greet, amid ancestral companie,
Theirs, henceforth, yet our own.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

1881

Prospect Hill

Prospect Hill at Sunset.

Editors of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The enclosed lines might bring a bit
of comfort to those who have lost
members of their families and dearly
loved friends (there have been so
many lately) and buried them on
Prospect Hill. The sunsets here do
seem to have an unearthly beauty—
perhaps there's so much sky goes
with an island.

I hope you will find the poem ac-
ceptable for The Inquirer and Mirror.

Sincerely,

Eleanor Dixon Glidden.

May 2, 1950.

Prospect Hill at Sunset.

Fingering the hallowed
quiet hill
with long bright shafts
of light—
lingering to twist
with gold
the rising mist
of eventide,
the crimson sun
sets slowly—
loath to leave
this blessed hill
until God will
to light
His first fair star
of night—
beacon high
above the darkening sea.
this is God's acre-age
not death's—
this is eternally
by star
and sunset blest
where His "travelers"
rest.

—Eleanor Dixon Glidden.

Dionis

DIONIS.

Dionis of the Moorland
We long for thy caress,
In Nature's dispensation
Of this world's happiness.
O'er hill and dale the Moorland
Sends forth sweet odors rare,
Nor ever was there perfume
That could with these compare.
In morning's wondrous grayness
And vastness of the mist,
Since God first gave thee outline
Thy face the dew has kist.

On wings of blazoned beauty
"Old Sol" comes sailing thru,
Forth on his ride majestic
O'er heavens vast and blue.

Till evening brings the twilight,
And Earth her vigil keeps,
Her mantle wraps about her
And settles down to sleep;
E'en then the Moon—Old Faithful—
Comes out to take a peep.

Miles upon miles of Moorland,
The land of God's free air;
O breathe, and feel the tingling
Of life without a care.
Old Ocean's boundless billows
Green, purple, blue and gray,
Rush onward, never ceasing,
As night-time follows day.
Land of the warmest sunshine,
Land of the balmy breeze
And fleecy clouds of whiteness
That float out o'er the seas.
No opalescent beauty
Of water, sky and clouds,
Did artist ever portray
Like that which thee enshrouds.

1920 Hazel Gerry Hagar.

"THE LEGEND OF WAUWINET"

A Pretty Indian Legend of Nantucket, Written by Miss Charlotte P. Baxter and First Published in The Inquirer and Mirror Nearly Forty Years Ago.

(Re-published by request.)

Jan. 21, 1911

As backward, Time doth point his hand
Across a century's glory
All eyes are turned and all our land
Repeats the wondrous story.

In retrospection all can see
The deeds of our great nation;
And all rejoice, from those made free
To those of highest station.

Then seated by our own fireside,
Each hears in dim tradition,
Some tale that he may claim with pride
And joyful recognition.

And farther back we look and see—
Far back across the ages—
Brave deeds once done on land and sea
Unknown to History's pages.

Now backward let us turn our gaze;
For here, beside the ocean,
The waves might tell of other days,
As they toss in ceaseless motion.

In the days almost forgotten;
In the days before our island
Heard the tread of white man's foot-steps,
Heard the stir of active commerce,
Saw the gleaming sails of vessels—
In those days almost forgotten—
On our island dwelt the red men.
Long they dwelt in peace together,
Following out their daily callings,
Broke the land and fished or hunted;
And at night beside the wigwam,
When the South Wind, Shawondasee,
From his home of warmth and beauty
Breathed upon them in the stillness
Of the peaceful summer evening,
There they smoked the pipe together;
Fashioned there the heads of arrows,
Into baskets wove the willow.
And when from the land of Winter—
From the land of cold and darkness—
Came the drear Habibonokka,
Came the dreary, cruel North Wind,
Then within the wigwam seated
By the cheerful, blazing firewood,
There they told strange tales and legends,
Or, with greater skill and cunning,
Carved, from pieces of the pine tree,
Bowls and spoons of strange devices.

On the east side of the island—
Where they said from out the waters
Spoke the voice of the Great Spirit—
There in harmony together,
Dwelt the tribe of old Wauwinet.
Well beloved was this great Sachem;
Well beloved of all his people;
And they listened to his counsels,
And they hearkened to his wisdom.
Dear to him were all his people;
But of all the nearest, dearest,
Was his daughter, was Wonoma.
She the loveliest and the gentlest,
Well she knew the art of healing;
Skilled was she in all the uses
Of the herbs that grew around them.
And, whenever from the waters,
Spoke the voice of the Great Spirit,
She could tell unto her people
What the words were, and the meaning.

On the west side of the island,
And upon the hills, Popsquatchet,
Dwelt the tribe of brave Autopscoot.
He, the young, the learned, the noble,
He, the pride of all his people
For his learning and his goodness;
Once, when Fever came among them,
Laid his hand so hot and blasting
On the bravest and the wisest,
Then it was that their Autopscoot
Hearing of the young Wonoma—
Hearing of her art in healing—
Sent a messenger unto her,
Praying her to come and save them
From the cruel, blasting Fever.
With the messenger, Wosoka—
While the morning star shone brightly,
Smiling at its own reflection
Mirrored in the calm still waters—
From her home went forth Wonoma,
And she came among the people
Dying with the cruel Fever,
And she cooled the burning forehead.

Words of comfort spake she to them
And she healed them and she saved them;
This great people learned to love her;
Looked upon her as their savior;
And they prayed her tarry with them
That they might, in some way, show
How they blessed her for her goodness—
For the boon of life she gave them.
Then Autopscoot, their great Sachem
Spoke and said unto Wonoma:—
"Oh! Wonoma, ever cherished
Will thy name be by my people,
And I pray you listen to them—
Listen to the prayers they utter.
For their sakes I pray you listen,
But above all, for my own sake,
For the great love that I bear you."
And Wonoma answered, smiling,
That because she loved his people,
But more truly loved their leader,
She would come again among them—
Come again to go not from them.
Would you know? Then I would tell you
How the pleasant, friendly feeling,
Which so long a time existed
Twixt the tribe of old Wauwinet
And the people of Autopscoot,
Changed to hard and angry feelings,
Then to feelings of deep hatred,
Till a war arose between them
And the land was wrapped in darkness
From the war-cloud resting o'er them.
Would you know, then I would tell you
How the cause of this contention
Was the slightest, was most trivial;
How the feelings of great hatred
Simply grew from a discussion
Of the land that lay between them.
But Wauwinet, the great Sachem,
Tiring of this useless bloodshed,
Called in council round about him
Many of his wisest warriors;
And they laid a plan most subtle,
How they might when least expected,
Steal upon that Western people;
Capture them and make them prisoners.

I would tell you how Wonoma
Chanced to overhear this council;
How she listened, almost spell-bound
By the words she heard them utter,
And the first thought that came to her
Was the thought that she must save him,
Must, in some way, save her lover.
Much she knew she loved her father,
But much more she loved Autopscoot.

She would brave all things to save him—
Even risk her life, if need be.
When her people all were sleeping,
Forth she stole from out her wigwam,
To the water quickly sped she,
Launched her boat, and in the darkness
Rowed with greatest skill and caution
Toward the people she was saving.
Very dark the night seemed to her,
And she prayed the mighty Father
That He would in safety guide her
To the people she was saving:
Then, as if her prayer was answered;
Slowly up from out the waters
Rose the moon in all its beauty,
Giving light unto her pathway,
To her heart the needed courage.

Very tiresome was the journey,
And her strength almost exhausted
When she reached a place of landing,
Where upon the shining beach sand,
She might leave her boat in safety.
Then a long and weary distance,
Over rough and stony places,
Onward, through the dreadful stillness,
She must keep her journey westward.
Though her feet were torn and bleeding,
And her brain seemed madly burning,
Yet the thought that she must save him,
Urged her onward, ever onward,
Till she came among that people,
Till she knew that she had saved them.
Then the gentlest of the women

Bathed her feet so torn and bleeding
Cooled them with the healing ointment,
Bade her rest within the wigwam,
While Autopscoot called his people,
That when with the morrow's dawning,
Came the people from the eastward,
They might be prepared to meet them.

When Wauwinet with his warriors
Left his home beside the waters,
Very sure he felt of victory—
Sure that he would take as captive
All the tribe of brave Autopscoot
That, when they had yielded to him,
What they claimed as their possession
In the land that lay between them,
He would free them and in kindness
Leave them then, their just possessions.
When he reached the mighty people;
Saw them there, prepared to meet him,
Knowing that his scheme so subtle
Was o'erthrown by one still subtler,
Then he turned and with his warriors,
Slowly then retraced his footsteps—
Slowly journeyed to the eastward—
To his home beside the waters.

Now the day was slowly dying,
And its beauty slowly deepened
Till it reached its great perfection;
And the earth and sky and water
Shone with all its radiant splendor;
As we've seen on some loved faces
Rest the glory of the future.
Slowly then, and still more slowly
From the earth, and sky and water
Passed away the radiant splendor:
And the grey mists of the evening
Slowly rose from land and water,
Till they wrapped the hills and valleys
Round about in their night coverings.
In the hush and calm of twilight,
With his eyes still looking westward—
By the doorway of his wigwam
Stood the Sachem—stood Wauwinet—
Stood upon the evening stillness.
Broke the sound of coming footsteps
And he saw a form approaching—
Saw the face of brave Autopscoot.
Then the young man slowly bending
In his eye great longing, pleading,
Spoke and said unto Wauwinet:
"Oh! my father! Oh! most noble!
Dark have been the days about us
And still darker have the nights been;
In our hearts the darkest hatred;
Hear me speak, O mighty father!
For the love I bear Wonoma,
For the love she bears her father.

She it was who gave me warning;
Told me of your plan to conquer.
O, my father! O, most noble!
For the love we bear Wonoma,
For the sake of both our people,
May there not be peace among us?"

While Autopscoot had been speaking
O'er the face of old Wauwinet
Spread the shadow of great anger,
And in silence long he stood there;
And the breeze came from the pine trees,
And the sound of breaking waters
Rose and fell in rhythmic cadence,
Breathing peace from the Great Spirit.
From the face of old Wauwinet
Passed away this cloud of anger,
In his heart he felt the influence
Of the peace which reigned about them,
And he spoke unto Autopscoot
In the tones of friendly feeling,
Saying: "O, my son Autopscoot,
Great has been the lesson taught me,
That I, myself, am not almighty—
That there is a power beyond me
Unto which I have to yield me.
Great the love I bear Wonoma,
And if she so truly loves you,
There should only be between us
Words and thoughts that are most friendly."
Then these two great Indian Sachems
Who had been such bitter foemen,
Clasped each other's hands in friendship;
And that night before they parted,
They had made a just division
Of the land so long disputed;
And they pledged that ever after
Only peace should reign between them;
And that this should be more certain,
And the home they so much cherished
Should be ever prosperous, peaceful,
Old Wauwinet gave his daughter,
Gave the dearest of his treasures,
To the young and brave Autopscoot.

Many moons have come and vanished,
Since the last of these great people
Went upon his homeward journey
To the kingdom of Ponema,
To the land of the Hereafter;
But their earthly home so cherished
Still is left us; and I pray you
While to-day beside the waters,
Near the home of old Wauwinet,
We are resting from our labors,
Leaving every care behind us,
Let us think of that great Sachem,
And renew the pledge he uttered—
That his home he so much cherished
Shall be ever prosperous, peaceful.

THE OLDEST HOUSE ON NANTUCKET.

BY CAROLINE PARKER HILLS.

Through storm, through calm, we see it stand,
Like some old wreck upon the strand,
That calmly waits the event of fate,
Like those who no more love or hate;
And only in a pensive mood
Can we invade this solitude.
How sadly grim that lone abode,
Where once the yeoman reaped and sowed;
It seems to warn who ventures near,
To shun those walls, moss-grown and drear;
Where ivy climbed and roses grew,
When time was young and life was new.
The sky how overcast it seems;
We stand amid a land of dreams;
What ghostly presence there may dwell,
O, who may know and who may tell?
To linger in deserted hall,
To hide behind yon mouldering wall.
No bee about the clover hums;
No smoke from out the chimney comes;
No busy feet the threshold cross;
Nor naught disturbs the gathering moss
That clings to shingle and to stain;
No hand lifts up the window pane.
Here babes have first beheld the light,
Here souls have passed to death's dark night;
Here joy was once a welcome guest,
Here friendship's hand was closely pressed;
'Tis only meet to drop a tear,
For those who once found life so dear.

THE BELL BUOY.

(Nantucket Harbor.)

[Grace Le Baron in Boston Transcript.]

Ever clanging
And haranguing,
With its iron tongue of warning,
All day long from early morning,
Through the night watch to the dawning,
Shouts this guardian
Of the seas.
Ever calling;
Oft appalling!
With æolian voices it speaketh;
Oftimes low, oftentimes it shrieketh;
As if blood of victims reeketh
From the ponderous
Bell of fate.
Ever sounding,
And resounding!
Not alone in words of sadness,
For a message, too, of gladness
Bears it, though in very madness
Often sounds it
In the tempest.
List its warning,
Night or morning.
"Ship ahoy!" it calls in danger!
And, so be thou art a stranger
To this coast, be still a ranger;
Fill thy white sails!
Else death claims thee!
Tolling! Telling!
Solemn tolling!
Yet, when'er a funeral knell
Sounds from out the ponderous bell,
Still it cries, "All's well! all's well
Unto those who heed
My warning."
"I am tolling,
And condoling.
I am watching, vigils keeping,
Days and nights when men are sleeping,
And my briny tears I'm weeping
For the mariner
In peril."
Choicest blessings!
E'en carressings!
Be for thee, O benefactor!
Loud above the tempest's roar,
Come benedictions from the shore,
God bless the bell buoy
Off the bar.

Aug. 11, 1892 GRACE LE BARON.

For The Inquirer and Mirror
Nantucket Centennial Celebration.
1795—1895.

In the mellow haze of the rising sun,
All the boats in the bay repose;
From a voyage fleet and a distant shore
They may pause in their restless cruise.

The pennants and flags, with their stars and stripes,
From each prow and each stern they glance;
The banners that wave from the house-top walks
Signal back in their airy dance.

The Portuguese bell, in the old South tower,
Melodious greets the morn;
And the notes of the ancient North tower bell
On the summer breeze are borne.

'Mid echoes from Shimmo and dim Coatue,
Roar of cannon proclaims the day;
Peal on peal, mounting up to the arch of heaven,
That smiles with beneficent ray.

Here the stalwart sons and the daughters fair,
Forgather from many a clime;
They brighten the bond of a kinship near,
Grown rusty with absence and time.

For yet in Nantucket, old Sherburne still lives,
Her voice chiming yet, through the years,
Recounts a past century's triumphs and toils,
Its pleasures, its sorrows and tears.

Descendants of Tristram, in gay cavalcade,
One hundred years hence, if they thrive,
A quantum may hold, in remembrance of this,
In the year of nineteen ninety-five!

CAROLINE PARKER HILLS.

Writer for the Centennial Gathering at Nantucket, July, 1895.

Sonnet.

BY REV. PHERE A. HANAFORD.

Town of my birth! how shall I speak thy praise?
How mention best my thoughts at thy dear name?

As well expect of Science words to emblaze
The cause and beauty of the boreal flame.

In all my childhood's memories thou'rt entwined;
Tendrils of strength which absence cannot break.

With childhood's loves and girlhood's hopes enshrined,
My heart forgets not thy dear name to speak.

Thy sons and daughters both have won renown
O town and island of historic fame!

May other centuries still thy children crown,
And weave new laurels for thine honored name!

Nantucket! in the Truth which guides and cheers,
I bid thee "God speed" for a thousand years.

NORTH TONAWANDA, Niagara Co., N. Y.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.
A Bit of June.

Soft and cool cloud-shadows gently lie
Along the moorland hills and hollows,
And circling low, now far, now nigh,
Dipping and darting fly the swallows.

The wholesome moors spread far and wide—
The fragrant moors, where hides the heather.

Along the rutty road we ride,
Rejoicing in the glorious weather.

Through the salt air the kindly sun
From out the tiny pines is bringing
Their treasured perfumes, one by one;
And on the summer breeze is flinging

Odors of wild rose and of vine—
The wild grape vine, in marshes hiding.

And in this thankful heart of mine
God's gift of peace is now abiding.

The peace of God, the perfect rest,
To still the tired soul's demanding,
Lives in Nantucket's gracious breast
That peace "which passeth understanding."

GEORGINE FLAGG JUDKINS,

("Billy" Clark)

Written for the Inquirer and Mirror.

As Clark, while yet the sun was low,
From lofty tower his blast did blow,
The startled sleeper cried, "Hullo!"
And raised his tired head languidly.

Then on the street was heard the shout,
And grumbling sleepers all turned out,
To learn what was all about,
And solve the dreadful mystery.

The cry that did their slumbers mar,
Resounding now from near and far,
"The railroad sleepers at the bar,
Approaching Brant Point rapidly!"

Says Mr. Simpkins, with a yawn,
(You should have seen that look of scorn)
"Confound the crier's infernal horn!
Is this a race of savages?"

Some back to downy beds did creep,
With mutterings not loud but deep,
That Clark should thus have murdered sleep,
Breaking sweet dreams so stupidly.

They saw it in another light,
When the horn blew again at night,
Telling the steamer was in sight,
With mails from the metropolis.

Now well-dressed people on the street,
Each other's smiling faces greet,
And comment, with expression sweet,
On "institutions primitive."

And as the blast rings loud and strong,
As William does the note prolong,
This is the burden of their song,—
"What a delightful novelty!"

Thy cause is just; On, William, on!
Give us the news both night and morn!
Inflate thy cheeks, and fill thy horn,
And blow with all thy energy!

Through winter's frost and summer's heat,
Thou dost thy duty on the street;
Each cobble-stone beneath thy feet,
Should rise up in thy eulogy!

Aug 7-1895 W. H. M.

Nantucket in July.

The Little Grey Lady is changing,
A flowered gown she'll wear,
As gay as any gypsy
With flowers in her hair.

The wind will toss her hollyhocks,
The roses on roof and wall
Will cover the age-old shingles
And lend a charm to all

The little old houses of 'Sconset
The rambling lanes of the town
Of Old Nantucket.—I wonder,
As I follow them up and down,

If the gilding of the lily
Is not the work of God,
For color now runs riot
Where once the Quakers trod.

—Irma C. Wieand.

Springtime in Nantucket.

I follow the track of the swallow back
Home to his Island lair—
And up on the hill where the mill lies still

I know, spring is in the air.
Across the meadows, sprouting green,
The daisies soon will nod—
And the shrubbery grey by the long roadway

Will be full of goldenrod.
Full long ago the crocuses
Have risen from their rest
E'er the daffodil has danced its fill

Beneath the robin's nest.
The air is sweet with the smell of pine.
Close beside, each mossy glen
That has settled down with a fresh new gown,

The violets grow again.
Now, these lonely winter hours are past—
And, though many miles I roam,
When springtime comes to the Isle at last,

I, too, will be going home.

—Kathryn C. Small.
New York city.

Monday, September Fourteen.

I walk to the end of the old Straight Wharf
And I look out across to Coatue,
A streak of white
In the fading light
'Neath a sky that is midnight blue.

The gulls that circle above it,
Stand out like flecks of foam
As they soar and dip
O'er the channel rip,
'Twill storm, for they've all come home.

Then I turn and look to the eastward,
Across to where Pocomo lies,
A line of gray
In the dying day,
Past where green banks of Shimmo rise.

Was there ever another sight like this,
Ever changing in shape and hues?
As I watch the scene
Each gray and green
Turns to mauve and purple and blue.

Then one last look at the Harbor
And I turn and walk back through the town.
With a throat that is tight
And tear dimmed sight
Was I ever before so down.

Why all this sorrow and sadness?
Why all this woe, did you say?
Friend, my heart is lead
And my soul has gone dead,
For tomorrow I'm going away.

Anonymous.

Nantucket in Winter.

Little Lady, ocean-bound and fair,
Lying gray beneath the frozen air
That in winter holds you shrouded;
Breaking thro' your silver-clouded
Sky, sound bell and fog-horn, loudly
Calling you and warning, "Beware!"

Mother Mermaid, in whose lap have fallen
All the tears of all the seasons gone,
At whose breast the waves have pulled,
Ever and forever ruled
By the drifting of the wood,
By the weeds that make your phantom gown,

Coerced forever by the kindly hand
Of primitive perennial demand:
Merely turning on your side
As to view each prism glide
From your rocking bed, fan-wide
Spreading out your hair along the side....

When blows the hoary-throated horn,
"Have Care!"
As ice and fog describe a dual lair,
Then white above the rolling mist
The blankets from the bed all lift
A snowy light for ships adrift.
—It is the Lady in the form of prayer.

—Lois Walker Jacobs.

1 Joy Street, Boston.

Spring Comes to Nantucket.

By Mary E. Starbuck in Boston Post.

We've held out through the winter
'Gainst enemies malign,
Now the snow and ice are melting,
The sun has crossed the line!

We've slipped and slopped and frozen,
But now there comes a sign,
The birds are flying northward,
The sun has crossed the line!

We're watching out for violets,
And Mayflowers 'neath the pine,
The south wind stirs their sweetness,
The sun has crossed the line!

Old winter is retreating
With many a snarl and whine;
Our reinforcements are at hand,
The sun has crossed the line!

October in Nantucket.

After gray days of mist are past,
And great winds spent, at last to men
Comes joy, for there lies open wide
The golden heart of autumn then.

When soft sea-marshes blaze in pride
Of aster and of goldenrod.
When moon and sea and sands and sky
Lie in one sunny trance of God.

When first the frail Gerardia comes,
And where the warm sand-hollows are,
From out its firmament of leaves
Shines the soft disc of shepherd's star.

And from low moorlands overgrown
With sea-blown pine trees gnarled and small,
Bocks the plume of Prince's Pride
And the clear flame of cardinal.

There blue nights pale to long blue days,
Sweet with keen odors clear and still,
Save where from inlets comes the sound
Of questing sea-birds' clamoring shrill.

And in this zone of calms' unrest
And all disquietude and strife,
Broaden to vast content of days
That thanks God for the gift of life.

ARTHUR KETCHUM.

AUTUMN—NANTUCKET.

*Now winter's chill has come in from the sea,
To sweep across the house-tops of the old town—
The island-town, snug beside its quiet harbor—
And dry leaves drop swiftly from the cold trees
To swirl along the pavement, in hurried flight
Before the gusty march of the rushing wind.

The town has taken on its gray, its sober look;
Its houses, staid, in dignity of gray and brown;
These are the homes of folk who love their hearths
Like islanders of old who sought this land.
Some houses, closed 'gainst spring's return, stand aloof,
Having a lonely look amongst their clustered neighbors.

In the hush of night the houses whisper gravely,
Some sigh for old times, others seek the morrow;
Many yearn for those who kept the rooms alight
In summer's sun-filled, happy, careless days;
All speak of great events—a whaleship just returned,
A new-born babe, a dying old man, a Quaker wedding.

Now the town settles to its long season,
Club-meetings start; the ladies meet to sew,
The men will vie at cribbage at the Pacific Club;
Masons, Odd Fellows, the K. of C. and like brotherhoods
Begin meetings which will launch a winter's cycle;
The boys and girls have been a month at school.

Ah, but that those who felt the summer's clime
Could know the way of living in this quiet place
Now the season's come and times are near to holidays;
For here is peace amid the spirit of an older day,
And there is time to think again of homely things,
Which lend a living touch to a willing heart.

—Edouard A. Stackpole.

Nantucket in Summer.

In balmy months of August and July,
Nantucketers not overwhelmed with duties

May turn to thoughts of glories long gone by,
As spice for matchless pleasures and constant beauties;

For we live in a lovely, ancient, unspoiled town

That sailing ships and whale oil made so grand

And poverty preserved and handed down,

Unique in the length and breadth of our young land.

To-night, perhaps, we'll drive out to the beach

For a lobster-boiling picnic near the sea,

With stories, songs and friendship in our reach,

By a glowing charcoal fire in a sand dune lee.

Historical and private loves combined
Forever in our memories lie entwined.

James Z. Hanner

Sept. 1944

The September Hurricane.

On September the fourteenth of
forty-four
A terrible storm lashed over our
shore;
I gazed at the sky just before the
gale.
As I think of it now my cheeks turn
pale.

I tho't of the crew on a gallant ship,
The "Gladys & Mary" on her maiden
trip;
They had left their berth ten days
before
And had set their nets thirty miles
offshore.

The sea had been calm; the day was
warm,
They had no hint of approaching
storm—
Till darkness fell and the wind
raised a chop,
The barometer showed a decided drop.

Then Captain "Jack" with a troubled
eye
Said to Stojak his mate "I think we'll
try
To reach deep water"—but before
they could go,
The first sea struck with a sickening
blow.

The forecastle shook and threw Nor-
cross, the cook.
The look on his face was quite grim,
While dishes and pans and kettles
and cans
Went clattering after him.

Their craft hove down with a murder-
ous sound
As Davy Jones' locker they sighted;
They opened their eyes with wild
surprise,
And found that their ship slowly
righted.

The captain crawled aft along the
dark craft;
Half conscious, mumblin' and jabbin',
When the mountainous seas struck
him square on his knees
And knocked him head first down the
cabin.

The furious breeze and the strength
of the seas
Tossed their poor helpless craft so
unruly,
Twas then they found Capt. "Jack"
would have drowned
Were it not for Bill Knowles and
"Pete" Dooley.

The "mate" and John Betts, young
seafaring vets
Held fast to the wheel but in vain;
With a crash and a roar she hove
down as before,
But righted herself once again.

With lips white with fear as death
hovered near
Each man prayed to God up above—
"Oh! Lord in Thy might please spare
us this night,"
As they begged for His mercy and
love.

For three anguished hours it seemed
that the powers
Would pitch her again on her beams,
They could feel every strain as she
tossed on the main
And they feared she would open her
seams.

As darkness was waning with dawn
in its grip—
The hurricane loosened her hold on
their ship.
Though her decks were a shamble
her dories were gone,
They thanked the good Lord on that
God-given morn.

Her hatches had sprung when the
hurricane smote her,
So the crew manned the pumps and
toiled with her motor;
Her engines had died with the first
sea that caught her,
Now they loosened her base plates to
free her of water.

They worked all that day until night
came around,
Then headed her in for the Nantucket
Sound;
They opened her up for all she was
worth,
And guided her home to her Nan-
tucket berth.

What human could stay that hurri-
cane's course,
As she whistled and howled in her
glee—
These things men share—yet, some-
how they dare
Return to the treacherous sea.

A NANTUCKET BOUQUET IN NOVEMBER.

By Mary Ella Mann.

Whence came the bright flowers and where did
they grow?
They rivaled in beauty the summer's rich show
Of color; their fragrance seemed sweetly to say:
"We waited to gladden a November day."

A Nasturtium answered with fluttering grace,
And the colors of sunset aglow in her face.
"We held close to the vines on our flowery beds,
And put our umbrellas up over our heads;"

"And when the Frost Fairies and rude Wind went
past,
They didn't find us, for we held on so fast;
We waited till they had gone far on their way,
Then peeped out to brighten a November day."

A Geranium next, dressed in purest white,
With his brother (a twin) their faces alight,
Said that the long summer had left them to stay
To make people happy some November day.

A Marigold brought me the gold of the sun,
And there was a lone Ragged Sailor, just one,
His thin summer clothes almost blowing away;
Too lightly he dressed for a November day.

Those feathery blooms, Sweet Alyssum, came too,
With perfume of honey distilled from the dew.
A message of summer did each blossom bring,
Of sunshine and showers and bees on the wing.

The Marguerites white with their wide open eyes
Saw the clouds floating by in the darkening skies;
And I thought that I heard one fair blossom say:
"We'll look for the sunshine each November day."

And Chrysanthemums! sturdiest, bravest of all,
That come when days shorten and drear shadows
fall,

No flowers of warm, genial summer are they,
But the joy of a wintry November day.

I know where these fair, cheery blossoms all grow—
Where somebody loves them, their dear faces show.
Oh, friends, as ye fare year by year on life's way,
May some flower gladden each November day.

Nantucket in the Fall.

Nantucket's clear and bright autumnal
days,
When of the summer host there now
is none,

Are like great passages in golden
lays,
Or perfect paintings by a genius done;
The grandeur of the sky, moors, sound
and sea

Is magnified by solemn, silent spa-
ciousness,
And men at length have time them-
selves to be,

As life proceeds at last in tranquil
graciousness.

Such is the fruitful harvest of the
year
For fortune's favorites who linger on;
One taste alone suffices to endear
Years after visitors have come and
gone.

Thus natives and off-islanders join
hands
To praise the wonders of these cher-
ished strands.

James Z. Hanner

Ballade of Nantucket in Winter.

Ah, leave the summer, let the roar
Of winter battle with the shore
And mold the wet gray beach
With Titan hands that reach
Above the tossed gull's screech
Above the snow capped mountains of
the sea.

Let the cold arms of winter encircle
the moor
And take back Nantucket, exultant
and free.

The ghost of Wauwinet returns from
the dead
To walk his loved moorland with moc-
casined tread.

The savage north wind lifts its wild
keen cry
For he grieves that his people forgot-
ten must lie.

And the white snow is scudding a sail
through the sky.
Peace to you Wauwinet—the Great
Spirit smiles.

The Indians' shores know the names
of his Isles.
Nantucket, Muskeget and Tuckernuck
sands

Hold the sad broken arrows of your
plundered lands,
And the fame of Winona still hallows
the dunes

Through the waxing and waning of
thousands of moons.

There's a barque from Brazil with a
tortured spar
That's waiting to hurdle the ice-locked
bar,
And the phantom sails of centuries'
ships

Are feeling their way past the
treacherous "Rips."
Oh, rich and proud was a sea-girt
town

When Quaker and Merchant with high
Piracy
Captained her sails across the sea
And a mauled leviathan poured his
gold.

Over the cobbles it rumbled and rolled
Ambergris - flame - and - ivory,
When a mansion's "Walk" was a Cap-
tain's crown,
And a bent harpoon hauled history
From Nantucket Sound to the Seventh
Sea.

Forget now the rose, close the door,
There's a rainbow light on a drift-
wood floor

That comes to bloom in that twilight
hour
When the ghostly logs from the Mada-
ket sand

Roar into life and whistle with glee
From the hearth to the ship that has
gone to sea

And the shadows turning in dark
saraband
Will twist to the shape of a far away
land.

—Eleanor Dixon Glidden.

October in Nantucket.

After gray days of mist are past,
And great winds spent, at last to men
Comes joy, for there lies open wide
The golden heart of autumn then.

When soft sea-marshes blaze in pride
Of aster and of goldenrod.
When moon and sea and sands and sky
Lie in one sunny trance of God.

When first the frail Gerardia comes,
And where the warm sand-hollows are,
From out its firmament of leaves
Shines the soft disc of shepherd's star.

And from low moorlands overgrown
With sea-blown pine trees gnarled and small,
Bocks the plume of Prince's Pride
And the clear flame of cardinal.

There blue nights pale to long blue days,
Sweet with keen odors clear and still,
Save where from inlets comes the sound
Of questing sea-birds' clamoring shrill.

And in this zone of calms' unrest
And all disquietude and strife,
Broaden to vast content of days
That thanks God for the gift of life.

ARTHUR KETCHUM.

The House-Top Walk.

"Weather stained and beaten and
empty now,
The long, long vigil is o'er,
No longer the ships go out to sea,
And the watchers wait no more;
Sailors and watches are resting now,
Some on this sandy lea,
And some with the sea-grass round
them twined,
Are asleep in the wandering sea.

But it comes to me, as I walk the
street

Of the quaint historic town,
A vision these scenes have looked upon
In the years so long ago;
A vision of struggle with storm and
tide

By the brave ones, called to roam
On the wrathful way of the ocean
wide,
And a vision of love at home.

On the housetop walk in the morning
gray

And yet in the deepening night,
They watch for the flash of a home-
ward sail

Or the swing of a masthead light.
It is morn again, and again 'tis eve,
So the days drag one by one,
And the steadfast thing in the change-
ful scene

Is the love that will have its own.
So the hair grows gray, and the faces
thin

For the sea is empty still;
And the lonely years will have their
way

And God will have his will.
But the watch is o'er—what matters
now

Though the ships drift endlessly,
Though some are asleep in the grave-
yard there,
And some in the wandering sea."

Water Front

The frisky catboat "Lillian" was
chugging down the bay,
Wauwinet down along Coatue, a week
ago today,
When up and spake her skipper
"Jones," "An accident I see;
A sailing dory keel awash and swim-
mers in the sea!"

The "Lillian" was summer-full of
baggage and of folk,
And first they thought the captain
made a merry sea-dry joke,
But looking port and starboard in the
wet southwest's eye—
"Ah, sure enough!" "Tis true
enough!" "The accident we spy!"

We hauled about, and let a shout, and
lent an anchor stout,
A little anchor she will need to ride
this head wind out,
And, "Tell them, come aboard," cried
Jones, "and not keep diving down
To look for pocket-books they've lost!
Now keep her head for town."

Two wet and oozy summer men then
climbed from out the wave
And shook themselves and squeezed
the wet from all that they could
save,

While every passenger declared the
skipper was "immense"
To give a show inclusive in the fare
of thirty cents.

That eve the southwest style of sea
died to a sunset lull,
And in a dory out they went to salve
their capsized hull.

The last I know the "Lillian" was
hauling off to supper,
And those two landmen last were
seen a-bailing of the scupper.

C. R. Stapleton.

Quidnet, July, 1920.

* * * * *

Why Does The Curfew Ring on Nantucket?

This is a question that is often asked and, of course, the only answer is that it is one of the Nantucket customs that no one ever wants to see abolished. It was started many years ago and the islanders listen for the 9:00 o'clock bell each evening just as keenly today as did their parents and grand-parents long ago.

We recently came across a poem which was printed some years ago entitled "The Lost Children of Nantucket", which may make good reading in connection with the query "Why does the curfew ring on Nantucket?" We append it herewith:

On a cloudless summer Sunday,
In the "days of long ago,"
On Nantucket's seagirt island,
Went two children to and fro.
Dressed in spotless Sunday garments,
Neatly brushed their glossy curls,
One, a prince of loving laddies;
One, a queen of bonny girls.

Twin companions, Ben and Bessie,
Youngest of a household band,
Started for the place of worship,
Merry-hearted, hand in hand.
Often had their parents sent them
Of a Sabbath morn, before;
Never wandering, they had always
Safely reached the old church door.

There to wait, 'till patient Dobbin
Bro't the others on their way,
That they might in solemn worship
Spend the holy Sabbath day.
But this morn, the fragrant wild
flowers,
Blooming 'round them far and wide,
And the butterflies, so brilliant,
Tempted them to turn aside.

Plucking flowers and beach-grasses,
Roaming after butterflies,
On they wander 'till the echo
Of the distant church bell dies,
Sounding, like some far-off music,
Faintly lingering on the breeze;
But they only hear the song-birds
And the droning hum of bees.

Bees and butterflies flit past them;
On they wander, hand in hand,
Till their merry voices echo
O'er the waste of shining sand.
No more thought of home, or mother,
Nor a tho't of church, or bell,
As they search the sands for treasure,
In the shape of some rare shell.

High, above the old church steeple
Glares the sultry August sun,
And the worshippers, emerging
From the church doors, one by one,
Gaze with anxious, half-scared faces
Out along the dusty way,
Wondering why the children came not,
Scarcely thinking them astray.

"Might they not have tired of wait-
ing,"
Hopefully, the mother said,
"And returned, perhaps, to meet us,"
In her heart, a piercing dread.
"We should certainly have met them,"
Said the father, "and you know
If they were returning homeward,
There is but one way to go."

"To the organ-loft, and tower,"
Said the sexton, "let us search
In the gallery and pulpit,
Open every pew in church;
Mayhap, they grew tired of waiting,
And so tho't they'd softly creep
Up the loft, to hear the music,
And are lying there asleep."

But the pews, also! were empty;
Only shadows flitted through
Organ loft and dim old tower,
But, the search they must renew,
"To our horses, men and neighbors,"
Cried the sexton, "I will ring!"
Then out-spoke the white-haired
pastor,
"Unless you some tidings bring
Before sunset, with the sexton
In the church-tower I will stay,

And, until you find the children,
I will never cease to pray!"
"And, until you find the children
Or some tidings to us bring,"
Cried the sexton, 'tween the bell-
strokes,
"I shall not the curfew ring!"

Sunset came, and weary horsemen
Roamed the island, far and wide;
Groups of pallid men and women
Paced the shore, and watched the
tide;

Not a form or speck beheld they
As they watched the crawling foam,
And 'mid twilight's shadows
Anxiously they hastened home.
Home! alas! no tidings waited;
Drums were beat, and torches flared,
And, upon the growing darkness,
Flames from many a bonfire glared;
And across the moor-like commons,
All night long, until the morn
Paled them, gleamed the lurid torches,
Pealed the drum and rang the horn.

Morn, and noon, and second sunset,
Still the lost ones are not found.
Moans the sad, despairing mother,
"On the sands my babes are
drowned!"

Or, have died from fright and hunger;
Else they've drifted out to sea.
Loving Father, is there no one
Who will bring them back to me?"

Just at eve, a sturdy fisher
Coming, with his laden boat
Fancied that he in the distance
Saw a tiny skiff afloat,
Swiftly floating outward empty.
Hark! was that the voice of song
Wafted to him o'er the waters
As the skiff was borne along?
"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us,
Bless thy little lambs tonight,
Thro' the darkness be Thou near us,
Guard us, till the morning light."

"Saints defend us", cried the sailor,
"Surely, angels are afloat."
Then a voice said, "Now I lay me."
"Some one must be in that boat!
I will follow," swiftly rowed he,
While upon the evening air
Came the words, in childish accents,
Of that tender, evening prayer.

"Heavens!" he cried, "Miles Gardner's
babies,
All alone upon the sea.
Bless you! Bonny Ben and Bessie,
I will take you back with me."
Up alongside, then, he lifted,
With a strong and steady hand,
The exhausted little wanderers,
And he bore them safe to land,

Where walked many an anxious
watcher,
In an agony of dread,
Fearing lest the treacherous billows
Fling them back their treasures,
dead.

Suddenly there wheeled a horseman,
On he sped, into the night,
Flinging lighted torches from him,
"Till he saw the church tower's light
Answering the signal given
If the children should be found
Living, and that sea-girt island
Echoed, to a joyful sound.

"Curfew rings! the tower is lighted!
Found alive and all is well;
While the church stands on Nantucket,
We will ring the curfew bell."
On Nantucket's wave-washed island
Rings the curfew as of old,
And to eager listening children
Is this ancient legend told.

Little Nan Tucket.

Little Nan Tucket
With her tin bucket,
Down to the spring went she
To fetch some water,
This dear little daughter,
To make her mamma some tea.
Thought little Nan Tucket,
With her tin bucket,
"I'll rest on this moss awhile;
'Tis cool here and shady,"
Said the dear little lady—
And she closed her eyes with a smile.

"Come along, come along,"
Said the brook in his song,
"I'll show you the way to the sea."
Quoth Nan, "I've a notion
Somewhere in the ocean
There's an island named for me."

So together they went,
With merry intent,
This isle of the sea to discover;
And happy and gay,
They sped far away—
The bright little lass and her lover.

Forgotten the bucket,
Dear little Nan Tucket,
The water for mother's iced tea.
One thought filled her mind,
And that was to find
Her island, somewhere in the sea.

For a year and a day
She sailed away,
But the sea—it was wide ann deep;
How glad her surprise
When she opened her eyes,
To find she'd been fast asleep!

Then remembered the water,
This dear little daughter,
And, filling her bucket, said she,
"Never mind, never mind,
Some day I shall find
The island that's named for me!"

Charlottesville.

Fahdee.

—Central Presbyterian.

On Martha's Vineyard they have
settled a serious problem. Some
doubt has been expressed as to
whether Bartholomew Gosnold, the
explorer, had a daughter named
Martha to whom he gave the island.
Warner F. Goodwin informed the
Vineyard Gazette there is no need
to worry about it, for there's no
question that Pa Gosnold had a
Martha and gave her the Vineyard.
Then up speaks Phebe Gill, summer
resident of Nantucket, who has al-
ways believed the explorer had three
daughters. The eldest, Elizabeth,
got the Elizabeth Islands; Martha
got the Vineyard and the youngest,
Nan, received the one farthest out.
And being a smart girl, "Nan-
tucket." Cute, heh?

Nantucket.

There are no trees on Tom Never's
head,
But the sun scents the grass and the
cranberry's red,
And down below lies the sea.

Altar Rock is only a stone
Up in the bracken, all alone;
But beyond the moors lies the sea.
Mallow Pond is not very deep,
But its rose and its blue can safely
sleep,
Though across the sand lies the sea.
Town now lives for a summer day,
Indolent, cautious, clean, and gray,
But her ships once sailed the sea.

—Ethel P. Rice.

Nantucket Sea Captains.

Men of Nantucket! Awake, the dawn's
breaking,
Dim in the heavens fades out the
last star;
Fresh'ning, the wind in the offing is
calling,
Welters of water dash over the bar.
Men of Nantucket! Time was when
your vessels
Were far on the main at daylight's
first beam;
Now, you lie sleeping, your loved
ships forgetting,
Why play the laggard! Why tarry
to dream!

Men of Nantucket! Old visions still
linger:
The murk of the storm, the roar of
the blast;
The mist-hidden breakers, the frenzy
of waters,
The doom-driven wreck, the crash
of the mast.

Men of Nantucket! Your fleets are far-
scattered—
Lost on the sea or some treacherous
shore;
Great Point or Squam Head will ne'er
again greet them,
And Sankaty Light will guide them
no more.

O, men of Nantucket! Men of Wauwi-
net!
Men of quaint 'Sconset, afar down
the beach!
You who so often have heard the
waves calling,
How can you sleep with the sea in
your reach!

—Harry Pringle Ford.

The House The Captains Built.

They built my house, the captains
Who brought home China tea,
White as Zion's beauty
And looking out to sea.
They built the neat, dark cupboards
Where wives could keep their milk.
They paneled great, cool parlors
Where wives could creak in silk.

They knew the world, their clippers
Went round and round again;
Their mantels were a marriage
Of India and Spain.
They knew the sins and cities;
And so they built their wives
White and quiet gables
For cool and quiet lives—

Elms to cast the shadows
On roses and bricked walks,
Wide lawns for the children
And for the hollyhocks.
Ladder-backs and feathers
Soft as clouds for sleep,
A key as big's a mountain
Their treasure house to keep.

Children, morning-glories,
Breakfast bowls and grace;
Churches are less holy
Than this holy place.
I think there is less wisdom
In all that books can tell
Than in the ancient captains
Who built my house so well.

—Robert Tristram Coffin in Youth's
Companion.

Sid Fisher.

If you know Nantucket, the cliffs look down
On an arm from the shore stretched bare and
brown,

The gray mists cleaving the green waters through,
A clutch as it were at the skirts of Coatue;
Of rubble and rock as ragged a reef,
You'd say, as ever brought ship to grief:
But this is the jetty, thrust channelward far,
To cut down the sands of the harbor bar,
That the ship hard driven by wave and wind—
Shoals on both sides and the devil behind—
In her storm and stress may a haven find.

But here's sailor luck, at sea as on shore—
Arms that should save are a peril the more:
When the fishing-fleet is late outside,
A gale blowing in with an out running tide,
And the little boats, with their jibs tied down
And the last reef in, run back for the town—
God help them then, and their souls befriend,
If there show no light on the jetty's end.

Sid Fisher's the duty to keep that light
On the end of the jetty burning and bright;
Whatever the weather, blow high or blow low,
Be it fog, rain or snow, still out he must go
And a light on the end of the jetty show.

Not much of a trick that may seem to you
Who come to us only when skies are blue,
And the waves that fleck the face of the bay
For all of fierceness might be lambs at play;
But different it seems if you come in ships
When these waves are wolves with foam on their
lips

And a snarl for their prey as they leap in air,
And the black rocks that wait their white teeth
bare.

It happened there came a terrible night,
When the sky was black and the sea was white;
The fishing fleet had been out all day
With their nets and trawls, on the lower bay;
Though little of wind, we knew by the ruck
Of smoke-colored clouds around Tuckernuck
That a pot full old Davy had put on to brew,
And soon it would simmer there, back of Coatue;
With night came the tempest, with thunderous din,
Till the bravest well wished the boats were in—
And more than wished when there came a shout
That the light on the end of the jetty was out!

It was then Sid Fisher said this thing to me:
Ne'er a dory could land in that red-hot sea;
And my cat out there in that scrunchin' swell
Wouldn't live no longer'n a cat in hell!
But they'd take it unkind, the boys, belike,
If their boats bound in on the jetty strike.
'Tisn't just what you'd call a promisin' night—
But I guess I'll skin out there an' fix my light."

He tightened no belt; for no belt he wore;
He cast no last look as he left the shore
(And mostly you'll find these belts and last looks
Are frequentest tightened and cast in books),
But he took off his boots—a practical thing—
That his feet to the rocks might like limpets cling;
And out in the night and the storm he crept
To the jetty's end, where the light was kept.

God! it was something to see him go
Out on that reef of fear and woe—
However he did it I do not know!

The rocks all green with a slippery moss
Gave little of foothold by which to cross,
And their jagged points and barnacle-shells
Cut wounds that were all of them crimson wells—
But he climbed and bled through that hell of hells;
Through lurid billows that high and higher
Swung torches of phosphorescent fire,
Until lost in the night, and we saw no more,
Though all waited and watched upon the shore.
Till a red light showed on the jetty's end,
And the boats came bowling by into the bend.

For he got there—and back; just how I can't say;
But all out that night were alive next day:
For the matter of that, most are living yet,
Still busy with dredge, with trawl, and with net—
Thanks to heaven—and something to Sid,
Who showed them a light when the stars were hid.

"Only duty, well done!" But can any do more,
Whether Bishop of York or stevedore?

That's all I've to say for Fisherman Fisher—
But, hero or not, I'm his friend and well-wisher.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

Nantucket, Mass.

The Old Mill.

[BY HERR CHERRYTREE.]

A song I sing of old Nantucket—
For many years I've seen the mill—
Full every one has kicked the bucket
Whom first I saw upon the hill.

I've seen the town both young and old,
I know this lovely island's past,
I've stood it well so I am told,
And many years have yet to last.

I've heard the distant school bell ring,
Before we had the new High school;
I've heard the chaff new teachers bring,
And merely kept the golden rule.

Of noble deeds I've seen a score;
Of shipwrecked sailors brave and true;
I've heard the ocean's wildest roar
And seen its waters calm and blue.

I've seen the jail close on its prey,
I've heard the ablest lawyer's plea—
I've seen our ministers full gay
And hardest sinners bend the knee.

I've seen our ships go down to sea
And sailors make their last adieu—
I've seen the worst of foes agree
And lovers' vows stand firm and true.

I've watched the town vote no and yes,
I've watched the tippler to his grave;
I've seen it sold where none could guess
And never yet have been it's slave.

I've seen the building of hotels,
And heard the kick of summer bills;
I've heard the talk of city belles,
And quite prefer my lonely ills.

For on these guests I yearly thrive,
And though my shingles slip away;
I stand the test and keep alive,
And with their nickels make it pay,
Springfield House, Nantucket, Aug. 5, '92.

Twilight Harbor.

Faint in the West glows the purple-
gold twilight,
While the bar bell swings out with
the tide,
As the North Wind roughens the
waves, where the sunlight
Lately played, 'ere the daylight had
died.

The sombre old town rises dark
'gainst the sky,
And its houses and towers are gray,
Like castles and turrets of time long
gone by,
With a background of far away day.
The home-coming boats glide in at the
dusk hour,
Like dim spectres, airily light,
And rounding Brant Point, the sea
nymphs' fair bower,
Near the shore that is silent and
white.

Coatue's quiet shore, near the low
rounding land,
Curves a harbor that's safe, still,
and true;
Secure from all strife, and from
tempests' command
Is its deep, peaceful bosom of blue.
It flows near the edge of the salt
marshy shores,
Whose strong breath is borne out
far and wide;
From Monomoy's beach, on the night
air that pours
The scent of wild flowers, as we
glide.

Oh! the joy, and the peace, sky,
water, and land,
And the sweet-scented air over all;
While out of the town the pale lights
twinkle bland,
And so gently descends the night's
pall.

And a peace, and a hush fall soft on
the soul,
As we silently row in the gloam,
For now we are nearing the sweet,
restful goal
Of our homeland—our dear island
home.

And at last when we come to the
harbor above,
To the home of bliss, peace, and
calm rest,
We will know, we will feel the true
depth of His love,
That whatever He gives is the best.

For The Inquirer and Mirror. The "North Wind Mill" and the Miller.

Lines suggested by a recent visit to the spot
where the old North mill stood.

Bare is the spot where long had stood
The old wind mill to mem'ry dear.
A blessing to the neighborhood
It well had proved for many a year.

'Tis true 'twas old, but that's no crime.
Its timbers all were firm and sound,
And when this mill was in its prime,
'Tis said no better could be found.

But now it's gone, and some inquire,
"What ruthless hand has struck the blow,
Was it the tempest, flood, or fire?"
Alas! there's no one seems to know.

'Twas here the honest miller wrought,
And toll'd his grist from day to day,
To justly deal with all he sought;
But harder sought to make it pay.

The wind would sometimes fail to blow.
Nor could he always this control;
And to repair his loss, 'tis plain,
He must, of course, take double toll.

His hogs were always fat and well;
Nor do we wonder they were so.
He fed them well, but did not tell
Whose meal he used to make them grow.

On doing right, he would insist,
And yet, I'm sure he was no brag;
For, if he ever kept your grist,
He'd always give you back the bag.

This worthy man perhaps had tried,
For years, to do the best he could,
Nor should we chide his honest pride,
In seeking for a livelihood.

Now, this old mill is gone at last;
The honest miller, too, we fear.
Two dear old relics of the past,
We to their mem'ry drop a tear.
CHARLES P. HOLWAY.
EAST GREENWICH, R. I., Dec. 16, '95.

The Windmill.

Nantucket is a quaint old town,
With gabled dwellings, prim and grey,
Upon whose roofs cool walks look down
Across the shipping in the bay.
Perched high upon a sunset hill,
With windsails limned against the sky,
There stands a picturesque old mill
Which rumbled in the days gone by:
"A rolling stone, a rolling stone,
A rolling stone gathers no moss!"

The shadowy past brings back to me
A vision of the town of yore,
And swiftly o'er the misty sea
Come ships that sailed long years before;
They anchor in that quiet bay,
While skippers of the olden time
Meet in their guild at close of day,
And wind and wave repeat the rime:
"A rolling stone, a rolling stone,
A rolling stone gathers no moss!"

A crier, up and down the lanes,
Goes daily with his brazen bell.
And here when twilight crimson wanes,
The curfew tolls a warning knell.
In fancy then those sails go round,
The hopper sifts its golden grain,
And like an echo comes the sound
Of millstones with that old refrain:
"A rolling stone, a rolling stone,
A rolling stone gathers no moss!"

—Thomas T. Swinburne.

TO AN OLD SHIP'S FIGURE-HEAD, AT SANKATY CLIFF, NANTUCKET.

What see'st thou with that fixed, mysterious gaze,
That pierces to the last faint line on ocean's
breast,

That reaches far beyond the sunset haze,
And never lets thine eyelids droop or rest?

Thou hast a thousand secrets locked within thy
soul.

Of throb and joy of life, far, far beyond our
reach,
The mystery of the ceaseless breakers' roll
Their fierce and fruitless dash upon the beach.

The strange unearthly silence of the twilight
deep,
The tints of pearl-flaked shell and glistening
weed,

Far fathoms down where ocean's creatures sleep,
Of beauty all unguessed and far beyond our
heed;

Oh, may my gaze straightforward be as thine,
Through life's dread stress of wind and wave
and foam

A vision of unfathomed joys be mine
Until I hear the Master's "Welcome Home!"

Mary Alethea Woodward,
in The Living Church.

WITH A NANTUCKET SHELL

By Charles Henry Webb

I send thee a shell from the ocean beach;
But listen thou well, for my shell hath speech.
Hold to thine ear,
And plain thou'lt hear
Tales of ships
That were lost in the rips,
Or that sunk on shoals
Where the bell-buoy tolls,
And ever and ever its iron tongue rolls
In a ceaseless lament for the poor lost souls.

And a song of the sea
Has my shell for thee;
The melody in it
Was hummed at Wauwinet,
And caught at Coatue
By the gull that flew
Outside to the ship with its perishing crew.

But the white wings wave
Where none may save,
And there's never a stone to mark a grave.

See, its sad heart bleeds
For the sailors' needs;
But it bleeds again
For more mortal pain,
More sorrow and woe,
Than is theirs who go
With shuddering eyes and whitening lips
Down in the sea on their shattered ships.

Thou fearest the sea?
And a tyrant is he,—
A tyrant as cruel as tyrant may be;
But though winds fierce blow,
And the rocks lie low,
And the coast be lee,
This I say to thee:
Of Christian souls more have been wrecked on shore
Than ever were lost at sea!

In Memoriam.

R. B. G.

Bring home your dead;
Leave fulsome praise unsaid;
No need of choir or solemn passing bell
To sound his funeral knell;
But lay him gently down to rest
As on a mother's breast!
No more for him are mortal toil and strife,
The stress of this world's life;
Unutterable calm,
As from the touch of wondrous healing balm
Hath fallen upon him. Care and sorrow now
Vex not that placid brow.
Oft in past years the sad, fond task he knew—
This steadfast soul—this brother staunch and
true—
To bring the loved ones back to childhood's
home;
Now homeward fares he o'er the lilled sea
wave
Unto his quiet grave.

Leave eulogy unsaid;
He sleepeth whom we named as dead;
Ere long shall be a spotless mantle spread,
As by an angel's hand,
O'er hill and vale in all our seagirt land,
Fit covering for his head.
Hushed now the gale, that late with angry
roar,
Lashed sullen waves along the echoing shore,
And gently falling rain
Welcomes the tired wand'rer home again.
When in the wakening spring
Shall earliest birds their joyous matins sing,
And all earth's pulses leap,
He, too, shall rouse him from his winter sleep,
And, with new quick'ning breath,
Press onward, through the ever-open gate,
Into that realm where all our lost ones wait;
For love shall conquer death.

NANTUCKET, Dec. 15, 1893.

SEA WEEDS FROM THE SHORES OF NANTUCKET.

Book of Poems by Nantucket Authors. For
sale at
A. M. COFFIN'S,
303 3d corner of Pearl and Centre sts.

Spring Comes to Nantucket.

By Mary E. Starbuck in Boston Post.

March 1934
We've held out through the winter
'Gainst enemies malign,
Now the snow and ice are melting,
The sun has crossed the line!

We've slipped and slopped and
frozen,
But now there comes a sign,
The birds are flying northward,
The sun has crossed the line!

We're watching out for violets,
And Mayflowers 'neath the pine,
The south wind stirs their sweetness,
The sun has crossed the line!

Old winter is retreating
With many a snarl and whine;
Our reinforcements are at hand,
The sun has crossed the line!

NANTUCKET.

Nantucket, the gem of the ocean,
Thou beautiful isle of the sea.
The Paradise Garden of Eden—
My heart ever turns unto thee.
I love thy moors of gay beauty,
Thine ocean's white-crested surf;
Thine hills so green with their verdure
Make bright the home of my birth.

The city may boast of its turrets,
Rising high in their grandeur so fair—
But give me one tower with its curfew,
Its bell sounding loud through the air—
We hear it so clear in the morning,
Telling us from sleep to awake;
At noon calling us to our dinners,
At night that we may not be late.

The charms of the city can't turn me
Away from my home by the sea,
With its cobble-stone pavement so polished
And its harbor view over the lee.

The schools with their teachers the best,
The scholars we've seen were so bright,
The churches e'er faithful and true,
Sending out their clear gospel light.

The ships we had are all gone
And sailors we never more see;
Their homes are now in many a state—
No more they sail these seas.

Dear 'Sconset! Gone are its charms to me;
Yet there'll ever be the rolling wave,
The lighthouse sending out its beams,
The storm-tossed mariners to save.

Loved friends of childhood and of youth—
Most all have passed away;
A few remain on their island home;
I think of them each day.

Those few still cling to homes they love
Which I shall ne'er more see;
But I'm glad they make it attractive for all—
That beautiful isle of the sea.

—Mary F. Coffin.
Seattle, Wash.

Nantucket.

Far away Island
With cobblestone streets,
Where the old in tradition
The new age still meets;
When June fogs come drifting
Across your snug Bay,
'Tis then my heart wanders
Down Nantucket way.

The call of the whaler
Has long since gone by.
The white painted "walk"
Still looks to the sky;
Where gray of the shingle
Shows beauty through age,
And the ink has turned brown
On both record and page.

The moors are aflame
With scrub oak in the fall.
The October sunset
Seems here best of all.
The beach plum now ripe
Is soft to the bite,
As I follow the road
To the Sankaty Light.

The Portuguese Bell,
With its deep curfew sound,
Signals the hour
As I sail outward bound,
And the "Little Gray Lady"
I leave out at sea.
I know, 'till next summer,
She'll wait there for me.

Oct. 1951 —Charles Bancroft.

"Beyond Sing the Seas."

The following review of Mrs. Eleanor Dixon Glidden's little book of poetry, "Beyond Sing the Seas" appears in the February issue of "Yankee" Magazine.

"Beyond Sing the Seas, Poems of Nantucket," by Eleanor Dixon Glidden—Evidently published by the author, and not priced, this book both merits a price and is a rare justification of that not always justifiable act, self-publication. We know of few poets who blend so well the plain realities of an environment with the leap of larger meaning. Robert Frost does it, of course, but Eleanor Dixon Glidden is not of the Frost school; she has her own new pitch of song and her own eyes and ears with which she finds the materials of her singing. If it contained but one poem, her book would be one of our most valued—and that is "Main Street Bench." Someone complains that the Island can be seen in "an hour or so." It's "Scrub pine—sand—not half enough land." He decides to return to the mainland and

"he shut his mouth hard
upon his words.
He didn't expect
the old lady to answer
but she did —
'How dull you'll find
Eternity.'
She said." Feb. 16, 1952

Charms of Nantucket.

Copyright, 1947, by Jesse P. Crawford

Nantucket, the "Far-away Island",
So named by the Indians, I'm told,
Where whalers would start their
sea-journeys
In search for the sperm and its
"gold".

The island of Quaker and Tory
When Freedom was struggling for
birth,
Where the Quaker survived for a
period
But the Tory was crushed to the
earth.

The island of breezes and sunshine
And flowers from springtime till fall,
And mists sometimes so concealing
That vision is lost over all.

Your Coffins, your Chases, your
Folgers
And others whose praises are sung,
Your Starbucks, your Motts and
your Mitchells
Made history when our country was
young.

I hail you, famed Isle of Nantucket,
The place for vacations and rest,
Your beaches, your moors, your
museums
And people who are of the best.

Nantucket, hold fast your tradi-
tions;
Yield not to commercialized greed
Your quaintness, your customs and
manners—
Rare virtues that most of us need.

Fair Island, hold fast to your heri-
tage;
Change not the old for the new;
The present has little to offer
In exchange for the spirit that's you.

Yield not to the lure of the modern
The charm with which you're en-
dowed;
Once lost it can't be recovered,—
Your despoiler will sneer with the
crowd.

I greet you, fair crescent-shaped
island,
Your arms opened wide like a maid
Awaiting the return of her lover,
Whose coming has long been delayed.

Again to your arms, dear Nan-
tucket,
I'll come with the roses in June,
And live for another brief moment
Where heaven and earth are in tune.

Nantucket, the "Far-away Island",
So named by the Indians, I'm told,
Say: How could the whalers for-
sake you
To search for a ship-load of "gold"?

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

August, 1885—Nantucket.

In the wide harbor curved like a shell
Whose lifted edge is lined with yellow sand
A-topped with the stiff grass that marks the land
Where scarce a stunted tree can hold, how well
Loves weary August his long length to tell,
Turning the moist sand idly in his palm,
While lapping wavelets sing a gentle charm
Cadenced by tolling of the buoy bell.
Like a magician's hulling spell it binds.
He marks the rounded curves along the shore,
Traces the ruffling of the little winds
Blowing bright-beaded drippings from the oar;
With half-closed eyes follows each sail, and finds
The rising tide of strength enter at every pore.

LOUISE BROOKS.

(NANTUCKET IN SEPTEMBER)

Little Grey Lady, surrounded by sea,
The choicest of gifts you have given to me!
Remembrance as vivid as September flow-
ers
Will follow the course of these holiday hours
When you graciously shared from your gen-
erous store
White houses, small byways, and historic
lore,
Swift seagulls that circle above waters
blue,
The heartwarming blend of the old and the
new
In friendly folk humming a popular air
With the blind musician in Cobblestone
Square.

ANN DIMMOCK.

Autumn in Nantucket.

When Nature paints rich colors
On meadow-land and moor,
When cool, crisp nights remind us
That summer's reign is o'er;
When guests have all departed,
Each to his winter hearth,
'Tis autumn in Nantucket,
The homiest home on earth.

Bright goldenrod and asters,
And other blossoms gay,
Nod us a cordial welcome,
When'er we pass their way.
Song birds sing sprightly carols,
As o'er the moors they play.
'Tis autumn in Nantucket,
All hail each glorious day!

Think not of dying summer,
The joys of now are thine,
The sun's warm rays still lingering,
Waft breath of sea and pine.
Glean from each day some hours,
For pleasure and for rest,
'Tis autumn in Nantucket,
That's when I love it best.

L. C. Bridgham.

Nantucket—November.

Taunton, Falmouth, the Cape, Wood's
Hole,
Surf Side, Sea View, buckets of coal.
Cottages, fences, window panes,
Winds and waves and hurricanes.
Moors and dunes, the Madaket towers,
Grass and leaves and autumn flowers.
Sunday service—Methodist prayers,
Union street latches and Mrs. Ayer's.
Bridge and food and lots of talks,
Whalers' mansions and widows walks.
Bayberries, Pines and Cranberry bogs,
Woolens, Sweaters and Sporting Togs.

Cod fish, steak and cold boiled ham,
My cream pie, not worth a —
Sails and Gulls,—the nautical touch,
Ferries and Steamers, buoys and such.
Seashore and sand and tides on the
dot,
The Fo'castle, Sea Shell and Green
Coffee Pot.

Auto routes with signs to Onset,
Polpis, Quidnet, Sankaty, 'Sconset.
Suitcases, bedding, my-bag of pills,
Quinine, Unguentine—Mother Sills.
Edward Starbuck and Tristram Coffin,
Pans and pumps and pails to put
water in.

Driftwood kindling and cannel coal,
Cantankerous Stove and Cross Rip
Shoal.
Cobble Stone Pavements and crooked
lanes,
Dashing Spray, torrential rains.
Bentleys and Higgins and Marion
Townes,
Winter pajamas and warm dressing
gowns.

Oysters and whales and little-necks,
Maria Mitchell—the Yassenchecks.
A bright new moon, the evening star,
The sunset glow, the gang at the bar.
Have I thought of it all? Does aught
remain?

Yes. Chester Pease and Randolph
Swain.

Mrs. Max Higgins,
Cortland, New York. Dec 6-1947

Nantucket

Nantucket's little houses,
In their Quaker grey,
Have shuttered down their eyelids
Against the winter spray;
While along her narrow highways
There are others bright and gay
Who will guard their sleeping neigh-
bors

'Til springtime comes in May.

And just to make a contrast
(So nature has it planned)
The moors are spread with crimson
Cut by ribbon roads of sand —
And in their soft dun colors,

Upon this brilliant land,
Tis hard indeed for deer to hide
'Til Jack Frost takes a hand.

Nantucket's little harbor lies
Tucked just beneath her feet,
Where slanting to a summer breeze
Sails out the Rainbow Fleet.
Her famous old Pacific Club
(A stove for central heat)
Is where in winter swapping yarns
Her captains like to meet.

A lane of rocks to shut it in,
Her harbor seems to be
Well locked from ocean's rolling
As it nestles in the sea,
And the musings of old-timers
Awake a memory

Of whalers that went off from there
For two years, sometimes three—
While wives upon their widows' walk
Paced up and down the floor
For signs of long-gone whale-ships
Tilting homeward toward the shore.
How they gathered up their hoopskirts
As down the house they tore
To greet some brave old mariner
Before he reached the door!

When windows feather up with snow
She wears a sparkling crown,
As icicles form everywhere
To trim Dame Nature's gown,
'Til March with "lion's tooth for cold"*
Relents for April's frown—
Then Spring will not be far behind
To greet this famous town.

*This expression often used by the
late Elma Folger.

Mary Bowditch Forbes
Milton, Mass. Nov 4, 1954

On Leaving For America.

"Our pleasant summer season's o'er,
So long, dear Island in the sea,
Memories we hold in store,
We go, but we'll return to thee.
"So long, the home of whalers bold,
Who sailed the great uncharted deep,
Of women in those days of old,
Whose fate it was to watch and
keep.

"Brave hearts and true your spirits
live
Adown the years inspiringly,
Touch kindred souls that they may
give

Their best for right and liberty.
So long, Squam, Pocomo, Quidnet,
Tom Never's Head and Sankaty,
So long Wauwinet, Madaket,
And 'Sconset's roses blooming free.

"The Naushon rolls on wind-swept
tide,
The swelling sea is flecked with
foam,

Above, grey, darkling clouds abide,
Passengers are sailing home.

"Now fades Nantucket to the view,
The Vineyard lies not far ahead,
Venturing gulls follow through,
Watchful, waiting to be fed.

"A cheery sight the staunch Cross Rip,
Facing the elements fearlessly,
Courage is in this little ship,
Emblem of help and constancy.

"So long, the sea; so long, the moor,
So long, old fashioned town,
Thy quaint, grey beauty shall endure,
And tell of past renown."

William A. Taylor.

October 1, 1940.

Little Grey Lady.

Back in good old whaling days, when
ships saw 'Sconset high land,
Hearts beat fast on sight at last of
you;
Sight of grey line through the haze,
That visioned their dear island,
Sailors hailed you their Grey Lady
true.
The captain ordered extra sail,
Canvas spread before the gale,
Racing to embrace you, dear Grey
Lady, home to you.

Chorus

Little Grey Lady, passing by, catching
ev'ry one's eye,
You have such a charming manner,
sweet and shy.
Little grey bonnet set in place, and a
smile on your face,
You seem like a picture set in laven-
der and lace.
Little bit of verdure here,
Little bit of azure there,
Stately, quaintly like the elm trees all
around the square,
Little Grey Lady, out at sea;
Here's a kiss, two or three,
You're my precious little Grey Lady,
I hold dear to me.

Little Grey lady so petite, manner
neat; can't be beat,
All are glad to help you when you
cross Main street.
Little Grey Lady with your shawl, in
the spring; in the fall,
You grow dearer, nearer and you're
loved and loved by all.
Little ways about you yet, little things
we can't forget,
And you were the reigning belle at
ev'ry minuet.
Little Grey Lady, our delight;
Mem'ry held ever bright
Dear Nantucket, little Grey Lady,
Hold our hearts tonight!

The Little Grey Lady.

Fog-soaked, wind-blown Little Lady,
Far out there in the sea;
Many a storm you've weathered,
But still you smile at me.

You smile with roses on your cheeks
White lilies in your hair,
And hollyhocks upon your dress—
You are a lady fair.

Sometimes you wear a misty veil
Draped o'er your soft gray gown,
While weathered shingles keep you
dry,

Dear fog-soaked, wind-swept town.

Many a captain you've sent to sea,
And many you've welcomed home.
It's joy to the heart of the sailor
To sight your gilded dome.

They call you "Little Gray Lady",
People who come here to see
Where old-time wives watched from
the walks,
If ships in sight might be.

The whaling days are past and gone
That life has ceased to be;
The Little Gray Lady still remains
A paradise to me.

1933 —Marion W. Norcross.

Nantucket.

Nantucket, O Nantucket,
Not much bigger than a bucket,
Just a little patch of sand,
Lying East of our great land.

The prettiest spot to find,
More than others of its kind.
For its red and varied hues,
On the moors, with deep sky blues.

For its quaint and quiet ways,
For the very happy days,
One can spend on this dear spot,
To roam o'er nature's sandy plot.

For the ships that come and go,
For the breezes that do blow,
For the records of its past,
For the memories that will last.

Horace A. Carter

Nantucket, Mass.

The Isle of Nantucket.

How dear to my heart is the Isle of
Nantucket,

Where beautiful roses and holly-
hocks grow;

Where old fashioned gardens smile
up at the sunshine

With box-bordered flower beds all
in a row;

No place on earth has hydrangeas so
lovely

As those on the lawns of this old
Quaker town;

The pink honeysuckle, the phlox and
white lilies,

The asters and dahlias with blos-
soms sag down.

Nantucket, I love thee—dear island of
beauty,

Blest spot in the ocean, you're
heaven to me.

The sweet scented moorlands are
covered with wild flowers,

Which botanists search for like
gems very rare;

And cool fragrant swamps with their
ferns and their mosses

Invite us to linger and breathe their
sweet air;

The ponds with their reeds and the
cat-o-nines swaying,

And pond lily pads with their blos-
soms so white;

The iris so stately makes purple their
shore lines,

While hibiscus pink makes a glori-
ous sight.

Nantucket, I love thee—dear island of
beauty,

Blest spot in the ocean, you're
heaven to me.

How dear to my heart is this beauti-
ful island,

Where sunsets paint pictures in
heavenly hue,

As slowly the golden sun sinks in the
ocean,

And gently the darkness comes hid-
ing the view.

But oh, what a picture it is in the
moonlight,

With diamonds dancing out on the
dark sea.

The sounds of the ocean around this
dear island

Just lulls me to sleep with its deep
harmony.

Nantucket, I love thee—dear island
of beauty,

Blest spot in the ocean, you're
heaven to me.

1933 Marion W. Norcross.

Aug. Inland. 1909
by Mary Starbuck.

I dream of the east wind's tonic,
Of the breakers' stormy roar.
And the peace of the inner harbor
With the long, low Shimmo shore.

I want to sail down from Wauwinet
As the sun drops low in the west,
And the town like a city celestial,
Looks a fitting abode for the blest.

I long for the buoy-bell's tolling
When the north wind brings from afar
The smooth, green, shining billows
To be churned into foam on the bar.

Oh, for the sea-gulls' screaming
As they swoop so bold and free!
Oh, for the fragrant commons,
And the glorious open sea!

For the restful, great contentment,
For the joy that is never known
Till past the Jetty and Brant Point Light
The Islander comes to his own!

NANTUCKET HOUSE

Little grey house at the curve of
the lane,
Weathering sea-winds, the sun
and the rain.

Sitting sedately and steadfastly,
too,
Tucking all its deep thoughts
neatly from view.

Spreading a welcome before its
door-stone,
Of old-fashioned sweetness the
years have sown.

Like an old lady on midsummer
noons
Resting, with her apron brimful
of blooms.

Weston. BETTY FOOTE.

June 13, 1925 That Nantucket Name.

by Lilian Clisby Bridgham.

'Twas on a big French liner
Not many moons ago,
The weather talk was threadbare,
So topics had run low.
Just for the sake of talking
A woman sitting near
Asked the oft spoken question,
"Where do you go from here?"

As quick as lightning flashes
My mind took flight awhile.
She asked again, I answered,
"I hope to my lovely isle."
"Tis in beyond that lightship"—
We were near South shoal then—
"I dearly love Nantucket,
Its beaches, lanes and plain."

"Nantucket—Oh, Nantucket?
I know Nantucket, too;
At least I've heard about it
From someone I once knew.
You see my mother's father,
Named George Augustus Brown
Married for his second wife
A girl from that queer town.

I guess she was a lady"—
My erstwhile neighbor purred;—
"But oh, she had the awfulest name
That I have ever heard."
"That's very strange," I answered;
"Because I thought I knew
All of the old Nantucket names,
And many of the new."

And I assure you, Madam,
In this I'm not alone,
There's not a one among them
But I'd be proud to own."

"You can't know this," she argued,
"Or you would not say so;
I don't believe they lived there long,
Besides 'twas years ago.
"Please tell me; do," I begged her.
She breathed a dreadful sigh—
"I really hate to name it,
But as you ask I'll try."

The dreadful name was Coffin,
The kind that holds the dead.
Can you beat that for awful names?
I'm sure I can't," she said.
I straightened up, "Why, Madam,
Not one name can be found
More loved by all the people
Of old Nantucket town."

You see, old Tristram Coffin,
One of the settlers few
Was faithful, wise and fearless,
Most honorable and true.
Now hosts of his descendants
Bear his name without shame;
I'm proud to claim his kinship,
Would I could bear his name."

"Why, really, did you ever?
Of course I did not know.
It's—it's cooler on the forward deck,
You'll pardon if I go?"
She went—I did not miss her,
But I am hoping yet
That woman learned one lesson
She will not soon forget.

June My Home. 1929

Weathered shingles and weather vanes,
Hollyhocks and quaint little lanes,
Some roof-tree walks, a gilded dome,
Cobblestones damp with ocean's foam;

The curfew bell, the old fog horn,
Old fashioned gardens, fields of corn,
Sweet scented moors where wild
flowers grow,
Pine tree groves where soft breezes
blow;

Ebbing surf, sandpipers at play,
Sea gulls flying across the bay,
Stretches of dunes and tall beach
grass,
Well worn paths where the coastguard
pass;

Old rut road by the cranberry bog
Lovely in sunshine or gray fog;
All this beauty belongs to me,
It is my home, dear Isle of the Sea.

—Marion W. Norcross.

Wanted—A House.

I want a little shingled house;
It must be white or grey
And snuggled close down to the
ground

To keep the winds at bay.

The roof must be quite short in front
To slope way down behind,
And windows must be tiny paned
With each an inside blind.

I want one room in panelling
As white as white can be,
And two or three old hand-hewed
beams

Left out where I can see.

The floor boards must be wide and
grey

With splatter-work in white,
While rag rugs should be round and
gay,

Tho' colors must be right.

I want a fire-place of brick

Within the living room,
And right beside the hearth might be
A nice old hand-made loom.

The front door of my little house
Must be by artist framed;
The stepping stones so flat and wide
That no one will be lamed.

The garden must have hollyhocks,
These must be in numbers,
And birds must love to gather there
Singing me from slumbers.

My house must be upon a street
That has not yet been oiled,
But where by cobbles round and neat
All auto tires are spoiled.

It must have lived thru days long
past

To give that mystic sense
Of years that died to give ours
place,
And now seek recompense.

The spirit of Old Nantucket
Should help me find this place,
For it, too, longs for such a home,
The birth-place of its race.

I want this house as soon as now,
I'd move at once into it.
So if there be such place to sell
Now is the time to do it.

—Contributed.

Exile.

I do not live in Nantucket.

But the other day

I painted my house

A Nantucket grey.

I planted a hedge

To grow quite tall,

And roses to climb

Over my wall.

White paint for my fence,

With a gate to match,

And I fastened the gate

With a Nantucket latch.

I may not live in Nantucket.

But the other night

I built my fire

As a Quaker might.

I dreamed a while;

Then over my bed

I put a picture

Of Sankaty Head.

I looked all around

When I was through

And started to cry.

For I suddenly knew

It wouldn't do.

It wasn't true.

Would never do.

Constance Aldrich

Brunswick, Maine.

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE SITUATION OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE ISLAND OF NANTUCKET.

Previous to the War, and at the Present time, December, 1813.

O! thou Isle of fond remembrance,
Once the fairest spot of earth:
Now how chang'd how lost the semblance,
To the Isle that gave me birth.

Retrospection oft reminds me
Of the blissful days of yore;
Then I think of scenes that bind me
To my lost, my native shore:

This affords me sweet reflection,
These were times of honest peace;
Commerce, then, from ev'ry section,
Saw our wealth, our joys increase.

Health and plenty crown'd our labors,
And contentment smil'd around;
Each were blest with kindest neighbors,
All in friendship firm were bound.

Nautic skill was our profession,
And, amid the foaming tide,
The bark t' manage with discretion
Was indeed our chiefest pride:

Sailing over the vast ocean,
Searching for its richest prize,
Where the billows' dread commotion
In convulsion rend the skies:

There we find the wish'd for treasure,
Sporting in the briny flood;
Then all hardships are but pleasure,
And all dangers firm withstood.

View us then, from sea returning,
Laden with advent'rous toil,
Ev'ry heart with gladness burning,
When he views his native Isle.

And on shore, when we were landing,
Numerous friends are crowding round;
Each the privilege demanding,
First to welcome our return.

Then our homes we next are seeking,
There to meet a partner dear,
While each other fondly greeting,
See the joyous sparkling tear:

Now, perhaps, some tender pledges
Of our constant, mutual love,
Will surround us with sweet kisses,
Nature's dictates thus to prove.

Scenes like these defy description,
But conception can pourtray;
Well we know it is no fiction,
Who have sail'd thus far away.

Scenes there are, still more affecting,
Scenes of purer, sweeter joy;
Fondly is the Maid expecting
Her returning Sailor Boy:

Swift he hies him to the mansion
That contains his only dear,
His bosom beating with a passion
Such as angels all revere.

One fond moment, fix'd he gazes
On her undiminish'd charms;
Then his soul, enraptur'd, raises,
And he flies into her arms.

Her arms she opens to receive him,
Thus imparts a thrilling bliss;
In unison their hearts are beating,
As they seal the mutual kiss.

Swift the moments sweetly flying,
Unperceived the fleeting time,
On her fragrant bosom lying,
Lost in ecstasy sublime.

Recollection now obtruding,
Shows the silent midnight hour;
Prudence, then, the reins assuming,
Bursts the sweet enchanting pow'r.

Nor was this the only season
For our pleasures to abound;
Flow of soul and feast of reason
Circl'd all the Island round:

Sympathy and fellow feeling
Animated ev'ry breast;
Each his source of joy revealing,
Strove to make each other blest.

Seated by the chimney-corner,
See the aged matron smile;
While you, anxious, gaze upon her,
List, attentive, for awhile:

Hear her tell of happy matches,
Covish maids and sighing swains;
Hymen all their sighing watches,
And rewards them all their pains.

Then go list with admiration
To the venerable sire;
Hear his plan, but true relation,
And his eloquence admire.

He has view'd each foreign nation—
Christian, Savage, Turk and Jew;
And can give a full relation
Of their customs, manners too.

He has seen their sports and pleasures,
And their anecdotes can tell,
Well he knows their artful measures,
Duples to which full many fell:

And relates with more precision,
Than e'en history's faithful page,
Curious traits of ev'ry nation,
With improvements of the age.

Of have I, at such narration,
Felt my bosom beating high,
And the glow of emulation
Prompting oft the manly sigh.

That for which my soul then sigh'd for,
Was to see what he had seen;
I resolved the same to try for,
And to be what he had been.

Thus was virtu's fair foundation
In our youthful hearts begun
By the pride of emulation,
Which descends from sire to son.

With this laudable ambition
To excel in virtue's deeds,
Our sisters strove in competition
And full oft obtained the meed.

Observe their plain, but neat attire,
Unaffected modest mien;
In proper sphere their thoughts aspire,
This their mothers' pride has been.

Domestic cares their minds employ,
With other useful learning;
Proud science too, their souls enjoy,
In all its various turning.

Here we find, thus haply blended,
Ev'ry pleasing, winning grace;
Sure such goodness was intended
In our hearts to find a place.

Spite of all our distant sailings,
Spite of all the foreign fair,
Midst their charms we see their failings,
When their merits we compare.

Thus comparing, we're convinced
Of superior worth at home;
And returning, we're contented
Here to fix our final doom.

Then selecting from the daughters
Of our Isle, some favorite fair,
Quick to Hymen's sacred altar,
We with ardent joy repair.

Thus were we, by love and duty,
Intermarrying here and there,
To each other strict and truly
Bound together ev'rywhere:

And connexion thus extended
Over all our happy Isle,
All reservedness was ended,
Every face then wore a smile.

But alas! how transitory
Are enjoyments here below;
From the zenith of his glory,
Man is hurled to wretched woe.

From its envied happy station,
Has our Island quickly pass'd;
Now in sighs and lamentation,
Mournful views War's deadly blast—

Sees her commerce now destroyed,
Her dependence swept away,
Britain's thousand ships employed
But to seize defenceless prey—

True, she mourns the many losses
Of her hard earn'd treasure stole,
Yet she'd count them trifling crosses
If spoliation was the whole—

But she mourns (and well she may, too)
For her sons in fetters bound;
And the God whom oft she prays to,
Will in mercy heal the wound;

'Tis a wound most deep inflicted
In the spirits of the brave;
See it mournfully depicted
Over Lawrence, Ludlow's grave.

Now, e'en now, thy sons are mourning
In some loathsome dungeon deep;
Hark! I hear their hollow groaning—
Now in death's cold arms they sleep.

Say, O say, why thus exciting
Widows' grief and orphans' woe:
Tell me, Britons, ye delight in
Dealing carnage where ye go.

Call them Christians, thus descending
To such dark, such savage deeds?
Direful vengeance is impending
On its authors' guilty heads.

O'er these scenes of deepest horror,
Now the muse will draw the veil,
For she feels the keenest sorrow
While relating such a tale

Since no more of joy is left you,
In that once happier Isle,
Your dependence now bereft you,
Seek ye some more genial soil.

Should the muse but be permitted
To invite you to be blest,
Ere her darling theme she quitted,
She would point you to the west;

Where Ohio's limpid current
In meand'ring sweets gently glide,
Seated on some gentle turret,
You might view its rolling tide:

In this section of the union,
Peace and plenty now abound;
And the soil in rich profusion
Spreads abundance all around:

Here the arts and trades do flourish,
Sure promotion always find;
Science 'tis their pride to cherish,
And the muse is often kind.

War's dire clarion now no longer
Sounding in our frightened ears,
Nor the savage yell yet stronger,
Shall again excite our fears.

Britain's host is now defeated,
Her red allies all have fled;
With brave Harrison they've treated,
Whose consummate skill they dread.

Our frontiers no more exposed
To the tomahawk and knife,
In sweet sleep each night reposed,
Safe in property and life.

Now the bard once more invites you
To these peaceful tranquil plains;
Sure the scene will much delight you,
And reward me for these strains.

1935 Nantucket Secedes!

From the Vineyard Gazette.

According to a mainland newspaper, Nantucket, that "fluke-tailed" island of song and story, especially stories, is thinking of seceding from Massachusetts, and seeks a territorial status like Hawaii, its own government, flag, and defences, or something like that. What a refuge for big business men if they abolish the income tax! Indeed, it was something like that which started Nantucket and raised it to the status of a colony. As the Vineyard was annexed by Massachusetts at the same time, perhaps Dukes County may also regain its independence.

The Starbucks and the Coffins
And the Whitesides and the Folgers
Who started out of Edgartown
In days of long ago,
And settled old Nantucket
Without church or state or soldiers;
They said "We know just what we want
And we will make it so!"

They did. They farmed and fished a bit,
They traded and they whaled it,
And trained their future citizens
On voyages round the Horn.
On land or sea the prowess
Of the island never failed it,
'Twas thus that old-time Yankee
Self-sufficiency was born.

Was there a war? The elders met
To talk the matter over,
Deciding if the country
Or the enemy was right.
Full often they just ruled:
"We're doing business here in clover
Just write and tell the Congress
That we have no time to fight!"

The famous Revolution
Left them cold. 'Twas "just a bubble,
Blown up by danged off-Islanders
With nothing else to do.
If only they would work
'Twould keep the whole kit out of trouble."

Thus said the old commanders
And the mess boys and the crew.

And so through all the centuries
Nantucket by her lonely
Has held the course her founders
Had laid out upon the chart.
"Nantucket for Nantucketers,"
That was their motto only,
"Come if you like us, if you don't
Just hold a course apart!"

And now they talk secession
From the state and from the nation.
They don't want interference
By the Brain Trust any more.
This vision of her freedom
May be no hallucination;
Nantucket folks may yet repeat
The daring deeds of yore.

Nantucket.

Her gift is rest, in a restless world,
A spot from harried life apart;
Her soft caress has smoothed my brow;
Her smile of welcome warmed my heart.

Again to the peace of her folded arms
She lures me back, as she lies serene
Beneath the stars, on the ocean's breast;
So fair, so calm, so sweet and green.

Her beauty, quaint and rare withal,
Will ever shine afar to me,
Like a jewel, encased in a cloud of blue;
Like an emerald, set in a sapphire sea.

Providence, R. I.

—Nelson Barnes.

Refuge.

I am the spirit of Nantucket, who
beckons, now to thee,
Not merely a mirage, but here out in
the sea,
I offer you fulfillment, the oasis of
your dreams,
Enduring time's assaulting change,
Unscathed, great peace abides with me!
With the boom of the surf and the
reek of the fog,
And the sibilant winds, eerily sugges-
tive of God,
And the tide eternal with its rise and
fall,
Magnificent, changeless, indifferent to
all.

Come while the spring is in the air,
And greet the flowering galaxy fair,
Timid snow drops, first curtsey low,
As searching March winds 'round
them blow.

Come where the roads enchant and
find,
The wistful moorlands, great and kind
Pluck from its bosom, healing power,
Red mens' solace, of herb and flower.

Come when the Mayflowers fill the air
With wondrous scent and beauty rare
Or when the roses, large and small,
Dot the commons and ramble o'er walls.

Come into old-fashioned gardens quaint
Midst stately settings which artists
paint
Where houses shelter within their
walls,

Romance and history, tradition to all.

Come, let your spirit be refreshed
And on our Main Street benches, rest
Broad, magical seats, 'tis said they are
For exuding friendship, famous afar.

Come, let the hectic world go by
And marvel at this azure sky
The bobbing rainbow boats so gay,
Or fishing fleet, within the bay.

Come and to yourself, be true,
And here in the light of things, accrue,
From life giving waters and virgin air,
Peace for body and soul,—so rare!

(Mrs.) Anne V. Bennett.

My Nantucket Paper.

By Katherine (Chase) Small.

It comes every week thro' the mail
straight to me—
This much enjoyed wonder of society.
For my friends never cease to marvel
and shout

At the size of the sheet or the news
you get out.
They joke and they laugh and they
tease, if they're able,
As they all gather 'round my dining
room table.

"But what," asks a voice, "on earth do
they use

The paper sheets for when they've
finished the news?"

There's a laugh and a grin, and the
room starts a-humming—
And I hang my head for I don't know
what's coming.

And one takes a haw "When they
bring on the broth

For the dinner on Sunday, they don't
need a cloth—

'Tis the paper they use." (And he
gives me a wink.)

"It saves on the laundry, won't roll
and won't shrink."

Oh, they shriek in amusement but 'tis
my delight

To see when they leave, in the morn's
eerie light,

The many coins tossed, and hear the
words said

To settle who gets the old papers I've
read.

And if you should catch them at home
in a nook

'Tis these they'll be reading and not
a new book.

For—

Tho' the print is worn thin, like a
wavering vapor,
I'm supplying New York with the
Nantucket paper. Jan 1940

Written for the Journal. The Nantucket Alphabet.

A is for Athenaeum within whose classic shade,
One may find works relating to every clime, place
and age.

B is for Blue-fish who lives in the sea,
And whose hours for dining with our ideas don't
agree.

C is for Clark, the man with the bell,
A horn and a flag and a terrible yell.

D is for Dory a thing to be found
Where blue-fish and breakers and duckings
abound.

E is for Evenings when euchre we play,
In a progressive, "two-forty," Bloomingdale way.

F is for Fairs of which there are three,
And to which we all go for "Sweet Charity."

G is for "Ghost" of odoriferous fame
Which glides o'er the water, no sheet to its name.

H is for Hacks whose drivers agree,
There is nothing so sad as "cheap labor" to see.

I is for Indians at whose camping ground
One may purchase a basket, flat, deep, square or
round.

J is for Jail to which nobody goes,
For all are so good in this land of repose.

K is for Koskata if you'll allow
Poetical license without making a row.

L is for Land-lubbers who now abound,
Where once but the saltiest of salts could be found.

M is for Mill where corn once was ground,
But where baskets from Portugal are now to be
found.

N is for Nantucket, a nautical place,
Where a kerosene-cart horse won a prize in a race.

O is for Ocean, where in gale or in calm,
one is sometimes assailed in one's sail by a qualm.

P is for Polpis, a town to the east,
Not a war-dance or earthquake or terrible beast.

Q is for Quaise, Quidnet, and Quahaug
The first two are towns, the last an incog.

R is for Railroad, there's not to be found
A "nickle insurance box" anywhere 'round.

S is for 'Sconset, the town with the pump,
In entering whose doorways we our craniums
bump.

T is for Tower, so wearily high,
From which one catches glimpses of earth, sea
and sky.

U is for Unganoek which you may find
By giving to Murphey a nickle and dime.

V is for Vase shown by Mrs. McC.
In whose rarity "conchologists" all do agree.

W is for Wauwinet, of which voyagers boast,
And to reach which with Smalley we give up the
"Ghost."

X, Y and Z do not agree
With an island lying so far out to sea,
SEA CLIFF.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Nantucket.

With bright, blue skies around thee,
While bright, blue seas surround thee,
Thou art a land of sweet romance,
O'er thee the sunbeams sweetly dance,
Isle of the sea.

Thou art a little wee land,
Thou art a pretty sea land;
The old and new are mingled there
Like golden curls 'mid snow white hair,
Isle of the sea.

Thrice hundred years will soon be yours.
On sandy beach or flow'ry moors,
And to thy wail of memories old
Time adds the magic help of gold,
Isle of the sea.

Thy sons and daughters love thee so,
Their sweet remembrance fondly show;
And we who have adopted thee,
Thy loyal children e'er will be,
Isle of the sea.

CHARLES F. PIDGIN.

August 16, 1897.

Nantucket Names.

One Gosnold, called Bartholomew,
a-sailing o'er the ocean blue,
Caught sight of old NANTUCKET
in sixteen hundred-two.
He landed close to SANKATY and
took a look around,
Then hustled back aboard again, be-
wildered by a sound.
T'was WANACKMAMACK convers-
ing with the sachem NICKANOOSE
In the language of the island, and it
sounded like abuse.
Poor Gosnold was so frightened that
he sailed to MUSKEGET,
And when wintry winds are howling
his ghost cries out there yet.
For the tongue of the Nantuckets, as
the Indians were called,
Is both guttural and strident, like
some cat had caterwauled.
And if you don't believe me, try the
names upon the map,
For if you can pronounce them right,
it's a feather in your cap.
From TUCKERNUCK to POLPIS is
quite a little ways,
And it's just a trifle longer if you go
by way of QUAISE.
Don't stop to hunt the NOBADEER
but hie away to SQUAM—
It's blowing hard at POCOMO but at
CAPAUM it's calm.
Now SESACHACHA's delightful, if
you look for peace and quiet.
SIASCONSET is uproarious and
QUIDNET is a riot.
WANNACOMET's waters quench the
thirst; there's COATUE for a lark,
But I'd hate to be in MADAKET,
alone and after dark.
WEWEEDER sounds to me like
Scotch, I don't recall its taste,
And WESKO has a trade mark ring,
let's leave it all in haste,
And speed away to PEDEE which is
near WAUWINET's shore.
(One cannot go to QUANATO—it
isn't any more.)*
COSKATA seems a lovely place, if
one knew where it was,
'Tis likely Eddie Coffin knows—he
almost always does.
MIACOMET's astronomical and good
NANTUCKET, too,
As is also METACOMET, a thing I'd
loathe to do.
Bart Gosnold never stayed to learn
the words that I recite;
The Indians have vanished all; they've
gone into the night,
But natives and off-islanders who
know their island well,
Upon these names of places loved
with admiration dwell.
For those who love NANTUCKET,
her moors and sandy shore,
Are wedded to her firmly for now
and evermore,
And no matter how their tongues may
twist, its always just the same,
They love each spot upon her map
though they can't pronounce its
name.

H. C. C.

*All spots in Nantucket are adja-
cent to each other. Quanato Hill was
cut away in 1730.

The Little House.

(Siasconset)

The mansion scrapes the vine off—
Lest it mar its grace
And screen from view the window
That's veiled in English lace.

The little house is humble
It clings close to the ground—
And blanketed with roses
It listens for the sound—

Of lifted latch and laughter
And tiny rustlings
Of nesting birds and breaking shells—
And featherings that sing.
The mansion dreams of long ago

In stately dignity
So prisoned in proud memory
The mansion is not free.
The little house a gypsy is

And lives but for the day
When summer sun and shining sea
And 'Sconset wakes to play.

1894 Eleanor Dixon Glidden.

Nantucket.

Nantucket, Tuckernuck, Madaket,
Squam,
Shawkemo, Pocomo, Coskata Pond—
Smack in the sea is this insular land,
Positively perfect, exquisite, grand!
Rough rutted roads running round the
moors,
Gray shingled homes with those long-
latched doors,
Bay, blue, black berries, elderberries
here,
Cran-choke-mulberries, mealy berries
there.
The people that you see and the
things they do
'S a tonic for the feeble and the
young folks, too!
If soul's a-bursting to do a Van Gogh
Out he trots his paints—he's all set
to go.
You may want to swim or possibly
fish,
Tennis, golf, sail, or whatever's your
wish,
There're bicycles, tricycles, tandems
neat,
And they that like 'em sure find 'em
a treat.
Good many sit and just look at the
sea
Recalling how much better the island
used to be,
These be the Islanders—Nantucket-
born—
In Nantucket Town or 'Sconset or
Squam;
Benny Cleveland's Job outstands in
fame
With Ben Franklin's Ma—Folger was
her maiden name.
Maria Mitchell noted, you must give
her her due,
For the star that she discovered, in
Nantucket, too.
An omnipresent name just to give but
one more
Is that of the Coffins, pure island to
the core;
And of all the Coffins, there's one
called Jim—
If you're down 'Sconset way, you must
meet him—
For "The Captain's" just fame from
coast to coast
Over 40-odd years is no idle boast.
You'd know, if you'd eaten one of
Jim's clam-bakes,
His fame's justly due, for he knows
what it takes—
Lobsters and soft clams, potatoes
sweet and white,
Sausages, "franks", corn—the best
you'll ever bite,
Rocks piping hot highly piled with
green rock weed
The food all buried in—Ye Gods! what
a feed!
Three thousand six hundred seconds
in all
Slowly drag past ere The Captain
will call
To his son named Earl to gather his
crew
Who serve up the clams and keep 'em
coming, too.
Some claim that most off-islanders
can cope with least three dozens
And islanders a bushel if they be the
Captain's cousins,
In the swiftest of succession come the
yams, the whites, the corn,
And the tastiest of sausages this
name will e'er adorn,
The flavor of Jim's hot-dogs poets
never could define;
His lobsters—what is finer yet than
fine or superfine?
His coffee—how give justice where is
justice mainly due?
For if ever one surpasses all—Jim
does with his brew
At Nantucket, Sankaty, Coskata Pond
At Tom Never's Head, Wauwinet or
Squam!

—Richard B. Marsh.

October, 1941.

A New England Romance

1903

There was once a man from Nantucket,
Who kept all his cash in a bucket,
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, Nantucket
—Princeton Tiger.

But he followed the pair to Pawtucket—
The man and the girl with the bucket;
And he said to the man,
He was welcome to Nan,
But as for the bucket, Pawtucket.
—Chicago Tribune.

Then the pair followed Pa to Manhasset,
Where he still held the cash as an asset;
But Nan and the man
Stole the money and ran,
And as for the bucket, Manhasset.
—Exchange.

Of this story we hear from Nantucket,
About the mysterious loss of a bucket;
We are sorry for Nan,
As well as the man—
The cash and the bucket, Pawtucket.
—Pawtucket Times.

Now they afterward moved to Nantasket;
For a scuttle they carried a basket;
And to Pa remarked Nan,
"Fill this too, if you can;"
But Pa said "You're foolish, Nantasket."
Nantucket, then Pawtucket and the Man-
hasset,
The bucket, not the cash, went for ale.
Pa drank after the man—
Who followed dear Nan,
And the trio are in Newport jail.

Then they fled to the river Shetucket,
Did Nan and the man with the bucket;
And when he fell in
She decamped with the tin.
She said, 'twas her turn, and Shetucket.

Pa caught them at old Narragansett,
Plied his boot to the place where the
man set;
The bucket and Nan
He took home—but the man—
Well, the man for a time Ne'er-again-set.

I'm tired of hearing Nantucket,
If Pawtucket, Manhasset, what luck it
Would be
If only the three
Would end it by kicking the bucket.

Nan and family are now in Manila;
Let us hope that the climate will kill her.
She already has fever,
So there let us leave her;
Pa, too, is quite ill—the Manila.

Pa's wife joined the party at Lima.
So glum she appeared, they said, "Fie, ma,"
But she raved, "You well know
That the bucket of dough
Is mine." Nan exclaimed, "How you
Lima."

At last Nan and Pa went to Phoenix
To divorce the Man of such free tricks;
Cried the lawyer, "My fee!"
"When you get my decree—
Until then," said Nan, "you'll get Phoenix."

Pa followed the pair to Alaska;
Swore if Nan was a thief he'd unmask her.
Said he to the Man,
"Who's the crook, you or Nan?"
He answered "Damfino, Alaska."

When Pa found them broke in Genoa
They touched the old chap for Samoa.
Pa says: "Where've you been?"
And the Man, with a grin,
Says "With Nan from Nantucket. Genoa?"

Nan skipped with the dough to Manchester,
The man and Pa sprinting to best her;
But Nan was too slick,
She scented them quick,
And lit out while Pa and Manchester.
—Contributions to N. Y. Sun.

Then the pair followed Pa to Manhasset,
Where he still held the cash as an asset,
And found Nan and her man
Form'd a Co as they ran—
Were wed; and the cash—the Cohasset.
—Troy Times.

Nan came with the bucket to Wauwinet,
Putting the man and Pa up ag'in it.
Said Pa: "There's no boat
For two days, don't you note,
To take us there. We're lost, should Wau-
winet!"

1903

NANTUCKET'S MOORS.

Fragrant wild flowers, of colors all,
Adorn the moors from spring to fall.
Violets purple, in the spring,
When the birds begin to sing;
Roses red, and daisies white,
Under summer skies so bright.
The autumn fields boast goldenrod,
And purple asters to us nod.
Scarlet lilies 'mid clumps of bay,
Graceful bluebells tall and gay,
Shady little groves of pines,
Blackberry, and wild grape vines.
In any season of the year
To us Nantucket's just as dear.

—Alice McK. Voss

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

Almost a thousand years ago
The Norseman's venturesome keel
Ploughed from the icy-island bays
And found, for woe or weal,
The land we call our native isle,
The harbors that we know;
They looked upon Nantucket's shores
A thousand years ago.

Almost a thousand years ago,
Where now our steamer plies,
Waved in the breeze the yellow hair,
And gleamed the azure eyes
Of those who won the Vi-king's fame
While sailing to and fro,
With steadfast scorn of hardships here,
A thousand years ago.

Almost a thousand years ago
They traced their watery way,
Far off beheld the island rise
From out the white-capped sea,
And watched the breakers, foaming, dash
Upon the shores we know,—
Those dauntless men of brave renown;
A thousand years ago.

Almost a thousand years ago
They saw the bluff of sand,
Where now we see the beacon light
Far flash o'er sea and land.
They dreamed not of the mighty march
Of mind and life we know,
Who read each page, unwritten then,
A thousand years ago.

Almost a thousand years ago—
Yet History tells, sublime,
The tale of old Nantucket's life
In that millennial time.
And we who on this distant day
Are proud that tale to know,
Rejoice that hardy voyagers came
A thousand years ago!
New Haven, Conn., Nov. 1, 1887.

NANTUCKET.

We took the boat for Nantucket
From New Bedford at breakfast time,
And along came a fog and struck it,
With a rough sea on the brine.
The good ship "Sankaty" wallered
And pitched, first here, then there,
While some of the folks, they hollered
And fed the fish for fair.
But when we reached the landing
And saw on its planks as of yore
Our many friends all a-standing
To welcome us all ashore,
We soon forgot our discomforts
And our passage o'er waters rough,
As we thought of the coming sports
And our glorious view from the bluff.
Oh, 'Sconset, the beautiful and blest,
Our home, with its quaint byways
How we enjoy thy summer's rest,
And how we cherish thy days.
So here's to dear "Old Nantucket,"
And here's to "Our Island Home,"
Oh, how glad I am we struck it
Our fair, our dear summer home.

A Looking Glass for the Times,

BY PETER FOLGER.

Written during Philip's War, April 23, 1676.*

[The author was the only son of John Folger, who came from Norwich in England, and was among the first settlers in Watertown, and afterwards removed with Thomas Mayhew to Martha's Vineyard. Here Peter became thoroughly acquainted with the Indian language and could both write it and speak it with facility and correctness. Hence he became extremely useful as an interpreter and it was through his agency that the island of Nantucket was peaceably and justly purchased of the natives. He was highly esteemed for the soundness of his judgment, his irreproachable character and the justness of his views, which he entertained respecting toleration, and the treatment due to the Aborigines of our country. His wife's maiden name was Mary Morrill, a servant of the celebrated Hugh Peters, with whom in the same ship he came to America. During the voyage, he became enamoured of her, and purchased her time of her master for £20. She afterwards became his wife and the mother of Abiah Folger, who was the mother of Dr. Franklin. In reference to his purchase, Folger, it is said used pleasantly to observe, it was the best bargain he ever made. As his "Looking Glass" truly reflects his sentiments, we will here exhibit it to the people.]

A Looking Glass for the Times.

Let all that read these verses know,
That I intend something to show
About our war, how it hath been
And also what is the chief sin.

That God doth so with us contend
And when these wars are like to end.
Read then in love; do not despise
What is set before thine eyes.

New England for these many years
Hath had both rest and peace,
But since the wars have sorely raged
Our troubles doth increase.

The plague of war is now begun
In some great Colonies,
And many towns are desolate
We may see with our eyes.

The loss of many goodly men
We may lament also
Who in the war have lost their lives,
And fallen by our foe.

Our women also they have took,
And children very small,
Great cruelty they have used
To some, but not to all.

The enemy that hath done this,
Are very wicked men;
Yet God doth make of them a rod
To punish us for sin.

If we then truly turn to God,
He will remove his ire,
And will forsooth take this His rod,
And cast it in the fire.

Let us then search what is the sin
That God doth punish for?
And when found out, cast it away,
And ever it abhor.

Sure, 'tis not chiefly for those sins
That magistrates do name,
And make good laws for to suppress,
And execute the same.

But 'tis for that same crying sin,
That rulers will not own,
And that whereby much cruelty
To brethren hath been shown.

The sin of persecution
Such laws established,
By which laws they have gone so far
As blood hath touched blood.

It is now forty years ago
Since some of them were made,
Which was the ground and rise of all
The persecuting trade.

Then many worthy persons were
Banished to the woods,
Where they among the natives did
Lose their most precious bloods.

And since that many goodly men
Have been to prison sent,
They have been fined and whipped also,
And suffered banishment.

The cause of all this suffering
Was not for any sin,
But for the witness that they bare
Against babe sprinkling

Of later times, there have been some
Men come into this land
To warn the rulers of their sins
As I do understand.

They called on all, both great and small,
To fear God and repent,
An on their testimonies thus
They suffered punishment.

Yea, some of them they did affirm
That they were sent of God
To testify to great and small
That God would send the rod

Against these Colonies, because
They did make laws not good,
And if these laws were not repealed
The end would be in blood.

And though that these were harmless men
And did no hurt to any,
But lived well like honest men,
As testified by many,

Yet did these laws entrap them so,
That they were put to death,
And could not have the liberty
To speak near their last breath.

But these men were, as I have heard,
Against our college men;
And this was out of doubt to me,
That which was most their sin.

They did reprove all hirelings,
With a most sharp reproof,
Because they knew not how to preach,
'Till sure of means enough.

Now to the sufferings of these men
I have but given a hint,
Because that in George Bishop's book
You may see all in print.

*Not published until 1776. Just one hundred years later,

But may we know the counsellors
That brought our rulers in
To be so guilty as they are
Of the aforesaid sin.

They are the tribe of ministers,
As they are said to be,
Who always to our magistrates
Must be the eyes to see.

These are the men that by their wits
Have spun so fine a thread
That now themselves, and others are
Of natives in a dread.

What need is there of such a fear,
If we have done no ill?
But 'tis because that we have been
Not doing of God's will.

When Cain had slain his brother,
Then began this fear to be—
That every man would do to him
The same that did him see.

The scripture doth declare the cause
Why Cain did kill his brother,
It was because the deeds of one
Were good, and not the other.

Because that God did favour shew
To Abel more than he,
That was in verity the thing
That envy could not see.

Then let us all, both great and small,
Take heed how we do fight
Against the spirit of the Lord
Which is our highest light.

Let magistrates and ministers
Consider what they do,
Let them repeal those evil laws
And break those bands in two,

Which have been made as traps and snares
To crush the innocent,
And whereby it has gone so far
To acts of violence.

I see you write yourselves in print,
The balm of Gilead;
Then do not act as if you were
Like men that were half mad.

If you can heal the land, what is
The cause things are so bad?
I think, instead of that, you make
The hearts of people sad.

Is this a time for you to pass,
To draw the blood of those
That are your neighbors and your friends?
As if you had no foes?

Yea, some there are, as I have heard,
Have lately found out tricks
To put the causes of all the war
Upon the heretics,

Or rather on the officers,
That now begin to slack
The execution of those laws,
Whose consequence is black.

I do affirm to you, if that
Be really your mind,
You must go turn another leaf,
Before that peace you find.

Now loving friends and countrymen,
I wish we may be wise,
'Tis now a time for every man
To see with his own eyes.

'Tis easy to provoke the Lord
To send among us war,
'Tis easy to do violence,
To envy and to jar.

To show a spirit that is high
To scorn and domineer;
To pride it out, as if there were
No God to make us fear.

To covet what is not our own,
To cheat and to oppress,
To live a life that frees us
From acts of righteousness.

To swear and lie and to be drunk,
To backbite one another;
To carry tales that might do hurt
And mischief to our brother.

To live in such hypocrisy,
As men may think us good,
Although our hearts within are full
Of evil and of blood.

All these and many evils more
Are easy for to do;
But to repent and to reform,
We have no strength unto.

Let us then seek for help from God,
And turn to him that smite;
Let us take heed, that at no time
We sin against our light,

Let's bear our testimony plain
'Gainst sin in high or low,
And see that we no cowards be,
To hide the light we know.

When Jonathan is called to court,
Shall we as standers by
Be still, and have no word to speak
But suffer him to die?

If that you say you cannot help,
Things will be as they are,
I tell you true, 'tis plain and clear,
These words may come from fear.

But that which I intend hereby,
Is that, they would keep bound;
And meddle not with God's worship,
For which they have no ground.

And I am not alone herein,
There are many hundreds more
That have for many years ago,
Spake much upon that score.

Indeed I really believe
It is not your business
To meddle with the church of Christ
In matters more or less.

There's quite enough to do besides,
To judge in thine and mine,
To succor poor and fatherless,
That is the work in fine.

And I do think that now you find
Enough of that to do,
Much more at such a time as this,
As there is war also.

Indeed I count it very low
For people in these days,
To ask the rulers for their leave
To serve God in His ways.

I count it worse in magistrates,
To use the iron sword,
To do that work which Christ alone,
Will do by His own word.

The Church may now go stay at home,
There's nothing for to do;
Their work is all cut out by law,
And almost made up too.

Now reader, lest you should mistake,
In what I said before,
Concerning ministers, I think
To write a few words more.

I would not have you for to think,
Tho' I have wrote so much,
That I hereby do throw a stone
At magistrates, as such.

The rulers in the country, I
Do own them in the Lord;
And such as are for government,
With them I do accord.

But that which I intend hereby,
Is, that they would keep bounds,
And meddle not with God's worship,
For which they have no ground.

I would not have you for to think
That I am such a fool,
To write against learning as such,
Or to cry down a school.

But 'tis that popish college way,
That I intend hereby,
Where men are mewed up in a cage
Fit for all villany.

But I shall leave this puddle stuff,
To neighbors at the door;
They can speak more unto such things,
Upon a knowing score.

And now these men, though ne'er so bad,
When they have learned their trade,
They must come in and bear a part,
Whatever laws are made.

I can't but wonder for to see
Our magistrates and wise
That they sit still and suffer them
To ride on them, not rise.

And stir them up to do that work,
That scripture rule their wants;
To persecute and persecute
Those that they judge as saints.

Is worse than all the rest,
They vilify the spirit of God,
And count school learning best.

that a boy has learned his trade,
And can the spirit disgrace,
hen he is lifted up on high,
And needs must have a place.

ut I shall leave this dirty stuff,
And give but here a hint,
ecause that you have Craddock's book
And may see more in print.

here are some few, it may be, that
Are clear of this same trade,
and of these men I only say
These verses are not made.

Now for the length of time, how long
The wars are like to be,
may speak something unto that,
If men will reason see.

The scripture doth point out the time,
And 'tis as we do choose,
For to obey the voice of God,
Or else for to refuse.

The prophet Jeremy did say,
When war is threatened sore,
That if men do repent and turn,
God will afflict no more.

But such a turning unto God,
As is but verbally,
When men refuse for to reform
It is not worth a fly.

'Tis hard for you, as I do hear,
Though you be under rod,
To say to Israel, go you
And serve the Lord your God.

Though you do many prayers make,
And add fasting thereto,
Yet if your hands be full of blood,
All this will never do.

The end that God doth send his sword
Is that we might amend;
Then if that we reform aright
The war will shortly end.

New England, they are like the Jews,
As like as like can be;
They made large promises to God
At home and on the sea.

They did proclaim free liberty,
They cut the calf in twain,
They part between the parts thereof,
O! this was all in vain.

For since they came into the land,
They floated to and fro;
Sometimes their brethren may be free,
While hence, to prisons go.

According as the times do go,
And weather is abroad,
So we can serve ourselves sometimes,
And sometimes serve the Lord.

But let us hear what God doth say,
Of such backsliding men,
That can with ease go break their vows,
And soon go back again.

He saith he will proclaim for them,
A freedom to the sword,
Because they would not fear him so
As to obey His word.

This liberty unto the sword
He hath proclaimed for us,
And we are like to feel it long,
If matters do go thus.

'Tis better for our magistrates,
To shorten time, I say,
By breaking off those bands in two
That look an evil way.

You do profess yourselves to be,
Men that pray always;
Then do not keep such evil laws,
As may serve at wet days.

If that the peace of God did rule
With power in our hearts,
Then outward war would flee away,
And rest would be our parts.

If we could love our brethren,
And do to them, I say,
As we would they should do to us,
We should be quiet straight way.

But if that we a smiting go
Of fellow servants so,
No marvel if our wars increase,
And things so heavy go.

'Tis like that some may think and say,
Our wars would not remain,
If so be that a thousand more,
Of nations were but slain.

Alas! these are but foolish thoughts,
God can make more arise,
And if that there were none at all,
He can make war with flies.

It is the presence of the Lord,
Must make our foes to shake,
Or else its like He will e'er long
Know how to make us quake.

Let us lie low before the Lord
In all humility,
And then we shall with Asa see,
Our enemies to fly.

But I shall cease and set my name

To what I here insert,
Because to be a libeller,
I hate it with my heart.

From Sherborn* town where now I dwell
My name I do put here,
Without offence your real friend;
It is PETER FOLGER.

Dr. Franklin, in his autobiography
makes use of a portion of his grandfather's
verses.

*Sherburne, changed to Nantucket.

If that you dislike the verse,
For its uncomely dress
I tell thee true, I do not think
Of sending it to press.

If any at the matter kick,
Is like he's galled at heart,
And that's the reason why he kicks,
Because he finds it smart.

I am for peace and not for war,
And that's the reason why
I write more plain than some men do,
That use to daub and lie.

But if that we do but leave the Lord,
And trust in fleshly arm,
Then it is no wonder if that we
Do hear more news of harm.

Let's have our faith and hope in God,
And trust to Him alone,
And then no doubt this storm of war,
It quickly will be gone.

Thus, reader, I in love to all,
Leave these few lines with thee,
That in the substance, we
May all agree.

Poem written
by Peter Folger
Apr 23, 1676

Published
100 yrs. later
in 1776
Re-print 1878

1823

Nantucket.

From *The Inquirer and Mirror*
of November 18, 1823.

Of all the places ever made,
That appertain to earth,
My honest homage still is paid
To that which gave me birth—
A little Island firmly placed,
A beacon in the watery waste.

There we have horses, cows and sheep,
Of every shape and size,
Which, even in the winter, sleep
Beneath the spangled skies;
Except when fogs obscure the scene,
Or rolling tempests intervene.

And when the wind is long at east,
As often is the case,
Our fish markets are then increased
With swordfish, cod and plaice;
For such winds drive in many a smack
So that for fish we never lack.

Produced beneath a milder sky,
And more refreshing rain,
Our pumpkins make a better pie
Than those upon the main;
And if you stew them well to eat,
And add molasses, they are sweet.

Our crows are blacker than are seen
Where Gambia's waters run.
Because no forests ever screen
Their plumage from the sun;
They tan beneath his lustre bright,
And roost upon the ground at night.

If you but ask for evening light,
To guide your erring feet,
And save you from a muddy plight,
While walking in the street—
A thousand lamps emit their blaze,
To guide our soft and devious ways.

Insigna, November 18, 1823.

1860

The following lines were written by a
young man of this town, who is now away
studying for the ministry, and sent to his
mother now resident in this town. They will
doubtless be perused with interest by our
readers: *July 13-1860*

Dear mother, 'tis not thine, I know, just now,
To tread a path that's fringed with golden flowers,
To quaff at silver springs and cool thy brow,
Then rest thy limbs fatigued 'mid fragrant bowers.

Thy steps lead most where the cypress spreads her gloom,
Dispelling sunlight, darkening every joy;
In lieu of roses bright, with rich perfume,
Thorns pressing hard on every side, annoy.

But happier hours, days crowned with bliss supreme,
Shall dawn upon thy spirit soaring high;
Tears wiped away—with smiles and peace serene,
Thou'lt rest with Jesus then, beyond the sky.

The glittering diamonds of this world, are not
The only gems that thou shalt e'er possess;
Nor bliss by sublunaries solely sought,
Ecstasy which thou shalt know among the blest.

No, when the world, now fresh with beauty fades,
And all its grandeur, pomp, preferment dies;
Its pleasures cease, lost in oblivion's shade:
To loftier scenes, dear mother, thou shalt rise.

Yes, visions bright and music strangely sweet
Await thee when the call of Christ the Lord
Shall bid thee fly on cherub wings to greet
The angel bands in the paradise of God.

Then mother, dry those tears, the Savior's near,
To gird with strength, thy spirit to equip;
He'll fill the heart, and bless, and gladly hear
The widow's prayer, though breathed from pallid lips.

A crown with jewels decked and many a gem,
A lyre, that only seraph fingers strike,
A robe, a Christian victor's diadem—
These shall be thine 'mid heaven's resplendent light.

C. F. N.

1860

From *the Liberator*.
ON THE DEATH OF THEODORE PARKER.
BY ANNA GARDNER.

How tenderly our spirits turn
To that enchanted land,
Which Nature from her golden urn
Adorns with lavish hand!
Where sweetest vines and flow'rets all
In softest zephyrs wave,
And where the orange-blossoms fall
On Parker's new-made grave!

Oh! green and soft the grass will grow
Where quietly he lies,
'Mid fragrant zephyrs whisp'ring low
Of mystic harmonies;
Fit symbols of the anthems sung
By angel choirs above,
When his freed spirit quickly sprang
To the embrace of love.

Fresh as the morning was his thought,
Untrammelled by the Past—
Hopeful, from God his strength he sought,
And bravely dared forecast
That higher faith in Truth and Right
A selfish age denies,
Which e'er shall grow more clear and bright
Through widening centuries.

With glowing eloquence of thought
Yet warm upon his lip,
He bade adieu to earth and sought
Celestial fellowship;
Communion sacred, sweet and high,
In more congenial spheres;
The faith he taught rebukes the sigh,
And dries the selfish tears.

He needs no sculptor's skill combined
With eulogistic arts;
His memory will live enshrined
Within our heart of hearts.
A life so true—wrought on a glan
Of such sublime intent,
Leaves in the beating heart of man
A living monument.
Nantucket, 6th mo., 1860.

1893

Nantucket.

BY MRS. J. G. A. CARTER.

Fair island home! Quaint town beside the sea!
Whose tranquil shores the playful waters lure
To soft embrace; thou seemest unto me
An emerald gem in azure setting pure.

Here slopes the beach where merry bathers play;
There rising cliffs the foaming waves caress,
'Till earth and sea in one another merge,
And heaven bends down to seal their loveliness.

In stately measure from the inner bay
The white yachts lead the way to outer seas;
Gracéful and still they glide along their course,
Or trim their sails to catch the fitful breeze.

Through winding streets the town crier rings
his bell,
And hoarsely shouts his news to listening ear,
Or from the watch tower blows his lusty horn,
North, east, south, west, 't'announce the
steamer near.

By day the air lulls one to soft repose;
By night the town with life is all aglow,
And mingling crowds on merry quest intent,
Beneath th' electric lights pass to and fro.

Out from the town, the prairies stretch away
With tracks of grass-grown road to 'Sconset's
shore,

Where the deep waters on the southern side
Roll in their foaming surf with rush and roar.

Here Sankaty from rocky, sea-girt cliffs
Far o'er the watery plain sends flashing light;
Ah, woe to him whose storm-imperilled bark
Finds not this succor in the dangerous night!

Fair island home! quaint town beside the sea!
Whether thy bay we sail, or walk thy shore,
Alike art thou a pure delight and joy,
Of health and strength a promise evermore.

NORFOLK LODGE, Brant Point, Aug. 16, 1893.

1875

Poetry.

From "*The Idyl of the Vineyard and other Poems*."
A SONG OF NANTUCKET.

The land breaks out, like a gleam of hope,
Over the Ocean foam,
But its daughters no longer are pulling the rope
That's bringing her sailors home.

Her whalers lie rotting, and lone and drear,
Far in some foreign port:
They have laid there rusting for many a year,
Of water and wind the sport.

The decks are piled with the winter snows;
The men are scattered—Ah me!
No mast-head echoes to "There she blows!"
Far out in the Ochotek Sea.

But her hearts are as tried, and her men as true
As, when trimming the distant sail,
They passed their lives on the waters blue,
In hunting the bow-head whale.

Her daughters are pure, and sweet, and fair,
And cheerful, and kind, and good;
And sparkling water and sparkling air
Shine out in their changeful mood.

There's not a mate or a harpooneer
More skilful than maid or wife;
If you visit their land you'll stay, I fear,
With a harpoon through your life.

But find a Nantucketer where you can,
He never will duty skulk:
You may find him a rough and a ready man,
But never a worthless hulk.

*In the old whaling days, when a ship was home-
ward bound, with a fair wind, it was a common saying
among the men that the girls of Nantucket were pull-
ing the rope to draw them home.

NANTUCKET, *July 1878*

I sing of the isle of Nantucket,
That sits in the sea like a duck. It
Is lonesome and queer,
Low, level and drear;
And the water might easily suck it
Beneath them and swallow it clear.

Yet brave were the folks of that island
As ever trod mountain or highland
When, many or few,
In ship, boat or canoe,
They pushed from the safe and sure dry land
On ocean to venture and do.

When mother State* forced them to quit her
Like kittens cast out of a litter,
They fled from the ban
Of the Puritan clan,
Where faith was not bloody and bitter
And man might show mercy to man.

And there mid the shoals and the breakers,
Those out-driven friends of the Quakers,
With heart and with hand
Welcomed all to their strand,
And because they lived not like the Shakers
They multiplied fast in the land—

Too fast for its soil to maintain them,
So fast it could hardly contain them;
But naught did they care,
Old ocean was near,
And they swore their good weapons should gain them
Sufficient to eat and to wear.

The King of the Deep, the great lubber,
They chased for his bones and his blubber.
By the sun, by the moon,
Flashed the shining harpoon,
Quick driven in up to the hub, or
The lance, that finished him soon.

'Mong the icebergs of Greenland they sought him,
To the tropics they followed and caught him
And smote till he died;
Then in caldrons they tried,
And homeward in barrels they brought him,
With fairly won profit and pride.

To Friend Barney: *June 15, 1875*

Bard of Sherburne (now Nantucket)
Songs of melody art thine,—
Melody that tells a story
Savoring of y e olden time.

In the sweet old Quaker language
We have known for many a year;
As "thee knows," and not, "thou knowest"
(Ne'er a school-marm do we fear.)

We much love to read thy verses,
Marvelous are the names thee knows:
Coffins, Folgers, Macys, Gardners,
They'll all come in their best clothes

To the gathering of the natives
Of this Island of the Sea,
To commemorate the customs
And manners, as they used to be.

Good old days were those, friend Barney,
O that I'd been born before—
When all my ancestors were Quakers,
And latch-strings hung from every door.

When cousin Debbie used to spin,
And uncle Peleg went to sea,
And grandma's grandma wove the stuffs
That grandma handed down to me.

O, happy days, when time was young!
O, halcyon days that come no more!
Those sweet, and single-minded folk
Have passed on to that other shore.

Now listen what I have to tell,
And hearken how it came about,—
My grandmamma (that was to be)
From Quaker meeting was "read out!"

It proved a matter of the heart;
But, "love will go where it is sent;"
The Elder who presided, read,
"We give thee three weeks to repent."

But my prospective grandma went,
And stayed not on the order much;
Thus marrying without the pale
Of Quaker meeting and all such.

1887

THE HOUSE-TOP WALK.

BY CHARLES L. THOMPSON.

[Along the ridge of the roof of many houses
in Nantucket there is a platform railed in, called
"the walk," from which the families of the
sailors were wont to watch the outgoing and in-
coming ships.]
Weather-stained and beaten and empty now,
The long, long vigil is o'er;
No longer the ships go out to sea,
And the watchers wait no more;
Sailors and watchers are resting now,
Some on this sandy lea,
And some with the sea-grass round them twined,
Are asleep in the wandering sea.

But it comes to me, as I walk the street
Of the quaint historic town,
A vision these scenes have looked upon
In the years so long ago;
A vision of struggle with storm and tide
By the brave ones, called to roam
On the wrathful way of the ocean wide,
And a vision of love at home.

On the house-top walk in the morning gray
And yet in the deepening night,
They watch for the flash of a homeward sail
Or the swing of a masthead light.
It is morn again, and again 'tis eve,
So the days drag one by one,
And the steadfast thing in the changeable scene
Is the love that will have its own.

So the hair grows gray and the faces thin,
For the sea is empty still;
And the lonely years will have their way
And God will have his will.
But the watch is o'er—what matters now
Though the ships drift endlessly,
Though some are asleep in the graveyard there,
And some in the wandering sea?
NANTUCKET, July. *Chicago Interior.*

OUR MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

BY ANNA C. STARBUCK.

A cheer for our bright little mother;
She is eighty years old to-day,
And her full rounded life is all worthy
Of crowning, through all the long way.

A kiss for our dear little mother;
Her heart is so tender alway,
The little of sweet we can bring her
Not half of her love can repay.

A smile for our brave little mother;
So sunny her heart, year by year,
That her life holds a wonderful lesson
Of patience, and comfort and cheer.

A tear for our frail little mother;
For the sorrows that fall to her share,
But over them all gleams the rain bow
Of faith, and the flowers blossom there.

A prayer for our good little mother;
God's blessing rest o'er her to-day,
And light all the rest of the journey
With glorious sunlight, we pray.

—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

ROCHESTER, April 14, 1886.

1860

In Memory of Oliver C. Gardner, Esq.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

The form has passed from human sight,
With tears enshrined beneath the sod,
But the spirit woke to living light
In the mansion of his Father, God.

His work was done, his toils were o'er,
Faithful through life to duties given—
The song of gladness on that shore
Ushered the soul to joys of Heaven.

'Tis hard, but oh! no bitter tears
For him—his place is with the blest.
A few revolving changeable years,
You too will reach his place of rest.

Nantucket, Mch. 10, 1860. MARY S. COFFIN.

1892

My Childhood Days on the Island
of Nantucket.

I've wandered by the seashore,
In days gone by, so far away;
Have listened to the breakers' roar,
And watched their never-ceasing play.

My heart goes back to my boyhood,
When all my hopes were bright and fair;
Where on that sandy waste I've stood,
Free as the waves then dashing there.

Long years have passed since I was where
I stood and watched the ebbing tide;
Of friends I had, so young and fair,
Many have crossed the "River wide."

But the "old north beach" with pebbly shore,
And that unceasing, rolling sea
Remains, as when in days of yore,
We wandered there so gay and free.

Knew I then no cloud or sorrow,
Naught of cares had dimmed my life;
I looked the coming of tomorrow,
With all its pleasures, free from strife.

I've wandered since in a far off land,
And friends so kind and true have met;
But I long again on that beach to stand,
To review those scenes I can ne'er forget.

My steps are not so light as then,
While now my hair is tinged with gray;
The world is not so bright as when
Upon those sandy slopes, in play.

I wish to hear that old ocean roar,
And meet again with those I know
"Only as boys!" when we roamed that shore,
In the distant past—long, long ago.

CHARLES H. SWAIN.

ARIZONA, January, 1892.

1935

Petticoat Row, Today. 1935.

(By special request of Ye Ed.)

A Sequel to "The Passing of Petticoat Row" written in memory of Hannah G. Sheffield, the last of the old-time women merchants in active business, who died September 28th, 1923.

"Tell me, do women still keep shop
Along the famous Row?"

They surely do—just come with me,
I'll prove that it is so.
A man or two may rent a store,
But women, still, are to the fore.
You'll find off-island faces,
The olden days are past;
But change must be expected,
For times are moving fast.

Here, where the Coffin girls made hats,
(And Ella Sylvia, too)
Now Solov-Hinds' windows,
Plate-glass, display to you
The dresses, coats and sweaters
Which modern women wear.
If "Mary Abby" should come back,
Ye gods! how she would stare!

And over there, across the street,
In Sally Coleman's store,
Romanes and Paterson intend
To have a "Branch," what's more,
Imported woolen sportswear,
Homespun and Scottish tweeds,
A Boston firm, so famous,
It no advertising needs.
Both stores keep open, summers,
Employing women clerks:
For when women do the selling,
It usually works!

Next door, in Hannah Sheffield's shop,
Is Howell Brothers' store,
In summer, full of linens
And handkerchiefs galore.
The towels and the napkins
Are monogrammed, so gay,
With every item up-to-date,
All in the modern way.
It is a noted Boston firm,
I hear it can't be beat.
Just step inside and you will find
A lady, fair and sweet.
Miss Edythe Howell is her name,
So modest and so shy,
Her pretty, gentle manners
Lure customers to buy.
And every heart she can beguile
Just with the magic of her smile.
If Hannah Sheffield could return
And view her substitute,
She'd compliment her salesmanship
And fall in love, to boot!

Next, right at Hannah's corner,
Where once her garden grew,
A marvellous Dutch florist-shop
Now bursts upon your view!
This aid to garden-lovers
Gives service, at all hours,
And thrifty Mrs. Voorneveld
Makes money selling flowers.

If Mary F. (Miss Coleman),
The second in the Row,
Could see her dry-goods shop, today
She'd faint away, I know!
One half is Toner's drug-store
(An establishment quite new)
And, in the other half, he serves
A sketchy lunch for two.

And, there, in Mrs. Hooper's shop,
A dark-eyed woman stands.
She smiles, and offers, hopefully,
Her goods from foreign lands.
Abajian's wife—from morn till night,
She always is on deck
And sells to summer visitors
Her knick-knacks by the peck.

It's possible the shop next door
Was once Sophia Ray's,
But in it, now, is Proodian,
Who tastefully displays
A stock of clocks and watches,
(He doctors them, you see)
Optician's goods and glasses
And fancy jewelry.

Next door, in Mrs. Manter's shop,
A-baj-i-an maintains
A second oriental shop
To multiply his gains.
And Bennett's shoe-store is no more,
It's Skinner's shop, today,
And every kind of ancient thing
He gathers, where he may.
So, if you want a Windsor chair
Or antique locket (made of hair)
Or china dogs or sampler rare,
Just be prepared to pay!

Besides off-island merchants,
Two women still hold fast
To old traditions of the "Row"
And link us to the past.
They run the two shops at the end,
Miss Stevens and Miss Long,
And both of them deserve to be
The burden of my song.
They are Nantucket women,
And very proud are they,
To realize that they alone,
Uphold the "Row" today.
No matter whence the mail may come,
From southern clime or frost,
If "Petticoat Row" is writ thereon,
It never can be lost.
No other word is needed
To send it on its way,
It always is delivered
And never goes astray.

Miss Carrie Long now occupies
The shop of Mary Nye
(Where once Miss Edith Sylvia,
With courage flying high,
And sturdy independence,
To business gave a try).
Miss Long sells tams and turbans
And head-gear of all sorts,
She outfits all the kiddies
From babyhood to shorts.
Her "ads" are very clever,
Her styles are never late,
She flies to Boston (in a plane!)
To keep them up-to-date.
Whatever kind of hat you need,
To suit whatever phase,
You'll find it in Miss Carrie Long's
(Watch for the dollar days!).

We've reached the last shop in the
"Row"

Once run by Mary P.,
Whose younger sister, Sarah Swain,
And Phebe Lizzie Clisby
Assistants used to be.
(And where Amelia Westgate
Kept shop, quite recently).
Now, Cora Stevens runs the store,
A hustler!—believe me!
It's worth a nickel just to view
Her colorful array
Of lamps and stationery
And novels of the day,
With every kind of ornament,
And gadgets from away.
She knows the tricks that will entice
The pennies from your hand,
Is always sure that she must have,
Whatever you demand.
Her counters groan with novelties,
Her shelves are crammed with toys,
Her copy-books and pencils
Still lure in girls and boys.
Her candy-jars are tempting,
Her windows gay to see,
She does three times the business
Once done by Mary P.

Yes, Centre Street is popular,
More women there must be
Who once kept shop along the "Row"
Now slipped from memory.
Some speak of Avis Pinkham
And some of Betsy Chase,
But where they were and what they
sold

Is difficult to trace.
And, as for millinery,
Why, Nellie Keane, you know,
And Emma Fraser too, made hats
Along the famous "Row."
And Mrs. Gifford once sold shoes,
And Mrs. Cabot, cream.....
To say that women "made the Row"
Is, surely, not a dream.
Today, more shops are on the street,
With pretty things to buy,
But they are not the real old Row,
And so I pass them by.

Oh, Centre Street is lively,
And women still hold sway.
They, certainly, know how to sell
(Own stylish motor-cars as well)
Are making business pay.
Their fame has reached the Continent,
Goes round the world, they say,
Wherever island news is sent
You hear of them, away.

"Yes, 'Petticoat Row' goes on—
Three Cheers
For Petticoat Row Today!"

Helen Cartwright McCleary.

Come and Play!

"Oh come and play in Easy Street"—
That's what they bid us do;
They're calling all the townsfolk,
And all the "strangers", too.

The "summer people" come between,
They're sometimes like "our own",
They're Islanders misplaced at birth,
If once the truth were known.

They're beautifying Easy Street
For one long summer day.
Our Hospital needs endless funds,
So come and pay your way.

Nantucket men once saw queer folk
At many a port o' call;
We're told that down in Easy Street
We soon shall meet them all.

For we're to play in Easy Street
Those calls are now returned,
And though the courtesy is late
It is by no means spurned.

And down in Easy Street you'll find
All sorts of sights to see,
And don't forget among them all
The one historic tree.

Around Napoleon's lonely grave
Its ancestors once grew;
From St. Helena saplings small
Were started here anew.

So all fare down to Easy Street
And help to make it gay,
And come prepared to spend a lot!
You may be glad some day!

Aug. 3—Mary Eliza Starbuck.

MERIDEN, Conn., June 5th, 1895.

WENDELL MACY, Esq.,
Dear Sir:—Noticing in our local paper that
Nantucket is to have an anniversary celebra-
tion, I was reminded that as my great-great-
great-grandfather was the original whaler
on this coast, I ought to be especially interested
in the event, and so I have run off a little verse
to call your old whalers' attention to the fact,
trusting that my enthusiasm will not seem pre-
sumptions, and may have a chance to help on
the celebration. As a Nantucketer, you may be
interested to learn that William Hamilton, a
Scotchman, was born in 1643; settled on Cape
Cod; was persecuted as one who dwelt with
evil spirits for having killed the first whale on
the New England coast; afterward fled to Rhode
Island, and then to Connecticut, dying at Dan-
bury, Ct., in 1746, at the age of 103 years. This
is a matter of family record and also of antiqua-
rian history. Should any of the old sea-dogs
chance to have run across any further facts as
to the old whaler, I should be very much pleas-
ed to gain the information. The last old whal-
ing ship out of New Bedford, some sixty years
ago, was named for the old gentleman, so I am
informed by Capt. David P. Vail, of Sag Har-
bor, himself an old whaler, as well as one who
sailed "around the Horn" in charge of a com-
pany of gold hunters, in 1849. He writes me
that himself and another are the only remaining
old whaling captains of his vicinity.

Hoping that I may be favored with a full ac-
count of your anniversary, and wishing you the
greatest success, I am

Yours very truly,
FRANK L. HAMILTON.

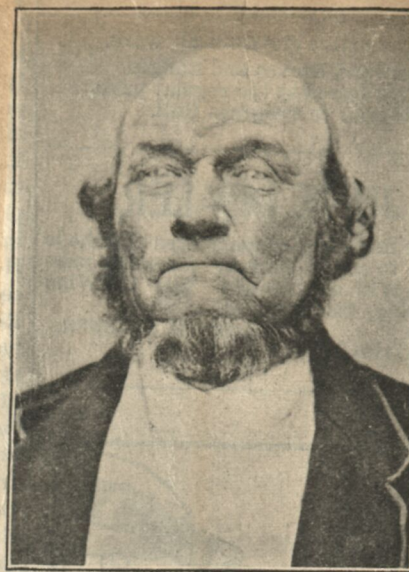
MIACOMET Peace.

Miacomet called —
A narrow duck pond
Runs along beside
A thicket of pines,
Incessantly mentioning,
Between earth and sky —
Peace.

No atom bursting
Resounds long and low
As the ceaseless voice
of the pines that border
Miacomet's quiet water,
Reflecting in Heaven's blue —
Peace.

Earth and sky
Countenance flame and flight
Beyond simple reason
But all spirits,
Humble, great or small,
Comprehend the message.
Pine, infinitely unquiet,
Miacomet's small waves whisper
Peace.

A.P.R.



The Late Captain John Ray, of Sloop Tawtemeo.

For The Inquirer and Mirror. Tawtemeo.

BY MINOR M. DAVIS.

John Ray, of old Nantucket,
When a youngster had been taught
That discipline is good for men
And that every sailor ought
When ordered from abaft the wheel
Upon a sailor's work,
To do at once as he was bid,
And ne'er his duty shirk;
And when he took the skipper's berth
Of Tawtemeo, well found,
And sailed bold forth beyond the bar
Straight for New Bedford bound,
His calculations all were clear
That Berry, his trusty mate,
When told to let the anchor go
Would never hesitate.
So when the staunch Tawtemeo
Hit seas that nearly sank her
The captain ordered, sharp and loud,
"Let go the big kedge anchor!"
But Berry, though able seaman,
Just didn't do a thing
But yell back to the skipper
"The big ank got no string!"
The Captain gasped in anger,
As the vessel wallowed low,
Then he shouted, "String or no string,
You let that anchor go!"
'Twas thus the sloop Tawtemeo
Was saved to sail again,
And Captain Ray for many a day
Did discipline maintain.
Faithful to every trust, he sailed
Ten thousand miles or more,
Then found safe moorings placed for him
Close to the further shore.

Obediah Folger.

Written by Gustav Kobbe in 1896 and
printed in "Cosmopolitan."

'Twas Obediah Folger,
Of the whaling bark "Apoller",
Who, when his shipmates hove the
lead,
Would taste the mud and holler:
"Heave-ho the lead! Heave-ho,
heave-ho!"
We're sailin' over so-and-so;
I knows the taste o' the mud below!
Heave-ho the lead! Heave-ho!"

'Twas Obediah Folger,
Whose shipmates thought it very slick
With rich Nantucket garden muck
To besmear the lead quite thick.
"Heave-ho the lead! Ha-ha! Ho-ho!"
Will Obediah Folger know
This time the taste o' the mud below!
Heave-ho the lead! Heave-ho!"

'Twas Obediah Folger,
Of the whaling bark "Apoller",
Who, when he'd tasted of the muck,
Straightway began to holler:
"Heave-ho the lead! Heave-ho,
heave-ho!"
Nantucket's sunk, I know, I know!
Mar'm Starbuck's squash bed is just
below!
Heave-ho the lead! Heave-ho!"

'Twas Obediah Folger,
Whose shipmates entered on the log
This incident, then went below
For to brew for him a grog.
"Heave-ho the lead! Heave-ho,
heave-ho!"
It's old Jamaicy rum! I know
From the way it warms me up
below!
Heave-ho the lead! Heave-ho!"

CHARLES G. COFFIN.

President of the Tristram Coffin Reunion Association.

Born in Nantucket. Died in New York, April 13, 1882.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

Peace to the sacred dust which late enshrined
The soul of one who humbly walked with God,
Loved justice, practiced mercy and designed
No evil to his fellows on life's road:
Peace to the form, and peace serene still
For the strong soul who sought to do God's will.

A grand uprightness marked his daily path,
Simplicity of truth his earnest word;
His was no loud profession, yet his worth
Is gladly owned where'er his name is heard,—
An honored name, for which "integrity"
Forevermore a synonym shall be.

Let the still form be borne across the wave
To that dear island which he loved so well;—
His native soil should give the honored grave
To one whose latest speech her praise would tell,
Who had such pride in her historic fame,
And graved upon his heart her far-known name.

Far o'er the land the tidings now will spread,
And one great Clan will mourn their Chieftain
gone,
Sad with their loss yet glad for his great gain,
Who through the elysian portals rest hath won—
Rest and reunion, on that farther shore,
Where gathered families shall part no more.
JERSEY CITY, N. J., April 14, 1882.

The Last Voyage.

(A tribute to Charles G. Coffin).

Ebb tide for you, Captain,
You, of the jovial smile.
You've made a gallant journey.
O'er many a weary mile.
We're going to miss you, Captain,
With your merry, laughing quip;
'Tis a lonely thing to say farewell
To the last voyage of your ship.
Fair weather for you, Captain,
As you cruise uncharted seas;
Clear skies, full sails, a beacon star,
And a flawless, steady breeze.
Home port for you, Captain,
A long, slim pennant yours.
God guide your hand on the tiller,
As you sail eternal shores.

Widows' Walks.

No widows walk the Widow's Walks,
As in the days of yore.
The Whalemens, on their mighty ships,
Sail on the seas no more.
But if the silent Walks could speak
What tales they'd have to tell;
Of mingled fears and hopes, and
prayers
That all aboard was well.
No widows walk the Widow's Walks;
No Whalemens sail the sea;
But Fair Nantucket, as she is,
Is good enough for me.

Dr. Henry Roberts

Nantucket, Aug. 29, 1935.

My Path.

I love that little fragrant path
That through the swamp does wind,
When from the busy world I turn
Sweet peace I always find.
It's there in springtime that I pick
Sweet violets of blue,
And watch the little opening buds
Spring forth in life anew.
It's there in summer that I roam
And dream upon the grass,
And in the growth along the path
There's fragrant sassafras.
It's there when autumn turns the
leaves
To crimson and to gold,
I fill my basket with wild grapes
Before the early cold.
It's there when winter winds blow keen
And snow is in the air,
I gather greens and berries red
To trim our mantles bare.
I love that little winding path
Where life is real to me,
While Nature's joys and harmonies
Sing of Eternity.

—Marion W. Norcross.

TO NANTUCKET.

A Parody.

BY MATTHEW BARNEY.

1857.

There is a land, of Islanders the pride,
Beloved by them o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns their summer sunsets
crown

And milder moons on happy homes look down,

Where wintry storms around it wildly roar,
And the rude billows wash its sandy shore;
Sometimes the Ice King with his Arctic chain
Binds Ocean's bosom in one gelid plain.

Though fog and east wind sometimes here pre-
vail,

And feeble life and spring's young plants assail,
There softest zephyrs o'er its low hills sweep,
And bid each pulse with healthful vigor leap.

The summer's scorching suns are tempered
there,

As breeze from ocean brings a humid air.
Though summer fruits have often meagre yield,
The autumn's gathering shows the well-tilled
field.

While from the sea a richer harvest comes,
Whose golden stores have made these happy
homes.

Here dwells a race of men, whose daring name,
Our country's page will give a world-wide fame,
Their life was earnest and their sphere the world,
Our country's flag by them in every clime's un-

oiled
Patient and bold, no perils can affright,
'Neath scorching torrid suns or Arctic night.

Undaunted, following where the game may flee,
They seek his presence far from sea to sea,
Months of privation and of patient toil.
They bring at last a harvest home of oil.

Here on this spot, by love's sweet influence won
Alone are seen, a father, husband, son,
Now banish all that would engender strife,
Man's holiest nature opens into life.

Here woman reigns, the joy of daily life,
As mother, daughter, sister, loving wife,
Makes home's true comfort and its riches rare,
And oft with man its sterner duties share.

Where shall that spot, those much loved homes
be seen?

Child of Nantucket, in thy memory green
Will be the thought, where'er thyself may roam:
That place is truly my loved Island Home.

1895.

Is it a dream? or is it old times changes,
That we must wake from, to the real true,
Through nearly seventy years that memory
ranges?

The then surroundings gone, all things are new.
I scarcely can believe, what memory tells me:
While I have lived, all business from us fled.

But sight and knowledge, truly they compel me
To own Nantucket nearly has been dead.

'Tis the old spirit and its life has faltered.
Whale ships and boats and casks no more we
see,

Our coasting craft to other business altered,
Ropewalks, sail lofts and block shops no more
be.

And oil and candle works are of the past,
And all arrangements for the business done,
Memories old pictures their shadows cast,
Life here now in new channels run.

It's simply catering to the enjoyment,
Of city denizens that seek our isle,
Drop business care or body's close employment,
Come breathe our air, rest mind and hand the
while.

And this century year brings sons and daugh-
ters

From the sunny south, cold north and distant
west,

From many a wanderer on earth's four quarters,
Comes warm response their home love to attest

When business ceased, her children scattered
wide,

New homes to find, in other ways to go,
But lingers in each heart an honest pride,
For the old Island Home of long ago

An Island Patchwork Review
in Rhyme.

By Dr. John Kennedy.

From dull Nantucket's documents
blithe Eleanor began
To weave a patchwork picture
of the island caravan—
Of Folgers, Macys, sharks and shrews
and Quaker ladies frail
With cannibals and Coffins to
illuminate the tale.

The saga of the Folgers
with Abiah's feat begin
Who wed Josiah Franklin and
bagat a Benjamin;
Whose love affairs were many and
a subtle charm reveals
To prove that little Benjy had a
wealth of sex appeal.

Of fecund Coffin's progeny she
chants a hymn of praise
And rich eugenic raptures on her
throbbing lyre she plays;
With maiden ardor she admires this
horde of sturdy churls
With sneers and scorn for Macys
who breed alone to girls.

But thrifty were the Macy clan,
they found when Rowland died
A Broadway millionaire was he
but had no heart inside.
But Coffins have this comfort that
no Macy poor or proud
Could foil the bitter lesson:
there's no pocket in a shroud.

The Coffins had a passion for the
wealth upon the seas,
But Keziah Coffin's passion went to
mortgages and fees;
If she were shipwrecked on a raft
where men devoured their mates
She'd come back home with all the
bones and garnished estates.

While children cried in vain for bread
and sprouted angel wings,
In jade-green taffeta she struts
bedecked with diamond rings;
But rough financial hurricanes left
her a stranded wreck,
And while relations wept for joy
she fell and broke her neck.

Lucretia Mott, who fired a shot
for decent women's rights,
Declined to don the bloomers which
were vulgarly called tights;
A sturdy Quaker advocate to give
the slaves a show
With Lizzie Cady Stanton and
Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The mood now shifts to tragedy
and in dismay we find
The gentle author now reveals
a sanguinary mind;
Emotions atavistic overwhelm her
in a flood
And in the patchwork center
she weaves a pool of blood.

The story of the Essex makes her
quiver with delight,
The acrid fumes of roasting flesh
improve her appetite;
She smacks her chops when Owen
Chase whets up a rusty knife
To carve a steak from Isaac Cole to
save his precious life.

The fatal fascination of the sultry
tropic isles
Infects the patchwork motif with
its diabolic wiles;
In ecstasy she tells of cannibals
anthropophagous—
How missionaries disappear within
their raw esophagus.

Now in a mood repentant for her
grisly rhapsody,
Come lyrical descriptions of
old 'Sconset by the sea.
The glamour of the Nineties has
departed from the spot.
The curlew's cry is mournful and
the empty cabins rot.

But roses red and hollyhocks abate
the sense of gloom—
The mass of purple heather rival
golden fields of broom.
The asters nod and poppies sway
in rocks and salty bogs,
Flamboyant marigolds compete with
floral catalogs.

Through hallowed ground she rambles
to read quaint epitaphs
Amusing to the tourists and
provocative of laughs.
She steals some rare selections
from off a mossy stone
Which decorate her pages and
elevate the tone.

The Island Patchwork ceases like
a haunting melody,
And the saga of Nantucket leaves
me wishing hungrily
For an ivy-covered cabin, and a
life serene and free
In the little streets of 'Sconset—
just Eleanor and me.

AT 'SCONSET.

Where is the house so smoky and warm,
Which we surrounded one night by storm?
At 'Sconset.

Where were the inmates of that house,
Which we crept round as still as a mouse?
At 'Sconset.

Where are the grabbers, Oh! where are they,
Who ran for us, as for their pray?
At 'Sconset.

Where is the man with the "butter paws"
Who let the boy slip through his claws?
At 'Sconset.

Where is the man that rolled around,
Until the right one could be found?
At 'Sconset.

Where is the image dressed in white,
Which we placed in their yard that night?
At 'Sconset.

Where is the "maiden all forlorn,"
Who jumped from the window and was gone?
At 'Sconset.

Where are they so full of fun,
Who pushed us in there, one by one?
At 'Sconset.

Many who read this piece May see
Why this Riddle was written by "tee."
At 'Sconset.

A Siasconset Day.

The tricky spirit of the winds at play
Upon the meadow gold with buttercups,
The sky is cloudless like a waste of pearl,
And white and crisp the restless billows roll
And frolic on the shining beryl sea.

Their music breathes in tender undertones,
Like a sweet prelude to a pleasant sleep,
'Broidered with blissful dreams that hold the
heart
Captive to all their subtle witcheries.

The earth is held in a most blissful spell—
A sense of music with no jarring note
Invests the scene with airy loveliness,
And looking o'er the land and o'er the wave

Wedded in so serene a harmony
Like the white gull that drifts on idle wing,
I feel it is a boundless perfect joy
To live and breathe upon a day like this.

R. K. Munkittrick in Harper's Weekly, July 22.

"Storm at Sea." 1950

The poem, which is printed here-
with, was written by Frederick D.
Greene, of Vineyard Haven, who
wrote it back in October of 1935 when
he was on the island painting the
moors. Mr. Green, who is eighty-eight
years old, thought of the poem during
the storm of Thanksgiving week-end,
hunted it up, and sent it to us, hoping
that some of our readers might be in-
terested.

NANTUCKET STORM.

Columbus Day, 1935.

Saul's Hills were red like blood he
shed,
When he slew his thousands of yore.
Northeast howled, while heaven
scowled,
And Old Neptune pounded the shore.
Wild Furies clawed the deep sea dells,
Tore seaweed gowns, raked out bright
shells
That piled along the shore in rows,
While seagulls quarreled with black
crows.

Islanders, too, flocked from afar,
By boat, by wagon, and by car;
Scooped the scallops by the bucket—
Joyful feasting for Nantucket.

—Frederick D. Greene.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.
The Cliff, Nantucket.

BY WALTER SCOTT HOBBS.

How clear is the air; how blithe is the blue
How sharp the long line at the sight's first
thrust bound,
Where the light-house uplifts in mir-
from the sea,
And the coasters drift westward, into
sound.

Far down are the dories, up-drawn on the
beach,
And beyond them the sea-gulls, whose
white pinions gleam
As they wheel in their freedom o'er brim
banks of purple,
Where sparkles the water, an amethyst
stream.

Faint murmurs arise from the fringe of the
ocean,
That lace-like is lying along the gray sand;
The blades of the bluff-grasses shine as
they ripple;
The fragrance of summer floats over the
land.

The afternoon mellows to evening in beauty;
Beyond the long jetty the boats seek the
pier;
The spires of the town, the quaint roofs of
the houses,
Are brodered in gold on the east, bright
and clear;

Till the smouldering sun, with its shimmer-
ing wake,
The streamers of scarlet—a glory of light—
The tints like the heather-bell, shades like
the pansy,
Are banished, in rank, at the signal of
Night.

* * * * *
Here many have sat, with the sky gay
above,
And fashioned them fabrics of fibres frail,
Rich-hued with the colors of summer and
love,
Of beryl and opal and sunset and blue—

For life's not all shadows, bright thoughts
will arise,
Like the ripples that gleam in the path to
the sun,
And link to the chain of our memories
golden,
The dreams of tomorrow, our wishes have
spun.

So a sail, rosy-tinted, my ship romance—
freighted,
I dream now is drifting, with fair-tide, to
me,
Forgetting her anchor is over forever,
Where night leaves no glory on land or
on sea.

Oh! Cliff, where my castles were built, by
the ocean,
A city is set on thy hill and is hid;
A city of castles, with walls all aglow,
Each with Hope for its chatelaine, wait-
ing a Cid.

Ah, the sunset may fade, when grim Night
waves his scepter,
But some eye has brightened 'neath
Beauty's sweet smile;
A tower may fall, in this fair castle-city,
But some heart, in building, was happy
awhile.

The Moors of Nantucket.

These rolling lonely moorlands are
like unto the sea,

That cradles them and talks to
them and loves them lustily.

With tides of grass they foam in
Spring to flow eternally

In waves of white and gold and
green against a twisted tree;

The twisted tree that thrusts a
thorn, and wears a blossom too -

Escutcheoned rest for homing wing
- wind torn along the blue.

The pool that holds the fragrant
lily on its cool and tranquil breast,

And lures the stately Great Blue
Heron to its quiteude and rest,

And mirrors the brief glitter of the
dragon-fly's fey quest -

Is the pool the shy and graceful
deer know well, and love the best -

And no land but this heathland, this
island earth, can know

Such wondrous magic carpeting
for here the mayflowers grow

In such a sweet pervasion that the
tawny ground doth glow

With riot of rainbow color - and
surely it must be -

That heaven itself is scented - like
the moors of Sankaty.

Eleanor Dixon Glidden.

Tuckernuck.

By Eleanor Dixon Glidden

From Nantucket's reaching hand -
Torn by time, and ravaged by the tide
Lonely little island prisoned in slashed
sand—

You still abide
Undisturbed in your deep peace,
Welcoming the Great Blue Heron
And the fragile twinkling curlew -
Watching the dawn and drowning sun
Across the sea's high tumbling blue;
Hearing the loon's mad mirth at
night -

And offering your woodland earth
To the swimming deer in fright
Seeking haven on your shore.
Dreaming in your isolation
Tall brave dreams of days of yore -
Days when Tristram bought your
meadows -

Bought your woodland, and your
sands,

And the ponds the black duck knows
East and North along your lands -
Where the lilies rise in beauty,
And the pink arbutus creep.

Built strong homes there in the sea -
For his sons to hold and keep.

Tuckernuck - do you remember
Tuckernuck of sky and sea

The massive whale, the monster -
Who rides your 'Rips' no more?

Still the bent harpoons are bedded -
Deep in island memory

Though the Captains* now are buried
Who set out so gallantly

On that bright and sunny May day -
When one surfaced by your shore -

Sporting clumsily at play -
Fin and fluke in angry rising -

At the old, old fabled shout
At the long boats' swift advancing

Bring the long, strong boats about—!
"Thar she Blow!—Thar she Blow!"

Steady for the harpoon throw!
'Twas the end of island whaling

That last 'kill' long, long ago.
The golden sugar plum grows still

Sweet and succulent as wine -
Climbing up a mounded hill

To tangle with the wild grape vine -
Where the Indian set his teepee -

Lit his fires - and lived his day -
Still the circle's there to see -

And a crumbled bowl of clay.

The ghost of proud Wanackmamack—
Oh Tuckernuck - returns to you -

His moccasins on shrouded track
Treading softly through the dew

Sorrowing he sold his lands -
Watching silently the sea

Roll and break along your sands -
Guarding in his haunted heart

Every lovely curve of you
Keeping you unspoiled - apart -

Wanackmamack comes 'home' to you.

*Captains Timothy Clisby and
George Coffin. George Coffin threw two
harpoons. Captain Clisby finished the

whale with a lance plunged in its
heart—1886.

Jan 24 For the Inquirer and Mirror. 1891

As farmer and as fisher,
With varying sort of luck,
He reared a healthy family
At his home on Tuckernuck.

Though burdened not with wisdom,
He had sufficient common sense,
And of his native stock of lore
Was ready to dispense.

He never failed to draw around
His form both straight and spare
A crowd, who, though not profited,
Seemed pleased to list and stare.

Though ne'er receiving benefit
From any high-class school,
He was gentleman by nature,
And polite, aside from rule.

His speech, though never cultured,
Was moderate and precise,
His dress it did befit him,
Though neither fine nor nice.

His lands though not extensive,
With diligence were tilled.
Their products well rewarded him—
With these his barns were filled.

So bountiful his field did bear
That oft he'd skirt the shore,
His open whaleboat laden
With freight in goodly store.

Then sailing o'er the sandy flat,
Brant Point was made, and passed;
Now gliding up the quiet dock,
At Cross Wharf he'd make fast.

His tarry here was not delayed,
His wares were so attractive,
The towns-folk of his presence knew;
The trade he drove was active.

So brisk indeed his traffic,
That ere the Spanish bell
Had struck the welcome noon hour
He'd nothing more to sell.

An hour or two of leisure
He honestly could take,
Before he sets his tiller on
His homeward course to make.

Once, in such hour of waiting,
He crossed to corner shop;
The crowd would fill the counting room,
And into it daily drop.

'Twas here they talked of whaling
And all therein concerned;
'Twas here the wondrous happenings
From 'bout the town were learned.

To doings of our Congress
They gave some due attention,
They'd brand the good with fitting mark,
The bad with reprehension.

Our farmer and our fisherman
Became one of this crowd,
And doing so, removed his hat,
While gracefully he bowed.

Said he, "My friends, how fare you all?"
(Among them slowly walking.)
"What is the topic of the day,
About which you are talking?"

"The topic, oh," said one near by,
"It's politics at present—
A subject that in season is,
Be it stormy or right pleasant."

"Ah! Politics!" our farmer said;
"They do me serious harm,
And cause no little trouble
Upon my fruitful farm."

They're not a large-sized insect,
Nor do they travel quick,
They very much resemble what
We call a fat sheep tick."

[At this juncture, Congress adjourned.]
WHITMAN.

A Small Crooked Path.

There's a small crooked path
That winds to the sea
Where crushed shells
Silver the sod
Where a last faded rose
And a last thorny briar
Cling together contentedly.
If you walk it alone
Some crystal day
You'll find it
A path to God.

Eleanor Dixon Glidden.

Madaket Sunset.

Day could not die more beautifully
than this,
Wreathed in a bower of multi-tinted
clouds,
Sun spilling wonder on the awe-struck
sky
From east to west, and on into the
sea—
The very air is magic silver blue,
And silver blue the tossing waves are
too,
In their eternal, rhythmic poetry
Surging to the shore, white foam on
high,
Now, as the moors are decked in dark-
ness' shrouds
The scene is the embodiment of bliss—
On the brink of night the sun is gone;
The foot-stepped, silent beach waits
for the dawn,
As all the line of dune-grass sudden
seems
Blown by the wind into a time of
dreams.

—Dorothy Ruth Krouse.
Viola Road, Suffern, N. Y.

The Road to Madaket.

If you would all your cares forget,
Come, ride with me to Madaket,
The rosy road to Madaket.
Roses so pink, the sweetest yet,
They line the road to Madaket,
The fragrant road to Madaket.
Emerald fields with sapphires set,
Are on the road to Madaket,
The jeweled road to Madaket.
How happy I, if you would let
Me ride with you to Madaket,
The blissful road to Madaket.
Mosquitoes, too, there are (you bet!)
Among the moors of Madaket,
The misty moors of Madaket.
But do not let that item set
Your heart against dear Madaket,
For petrol's sure to get them, yet,
And drive them out of Madaket,
The troubled land of Madaket.
When one thing with another's set,
This life resembles Madaket,
The Promised Land of Madaket.
So pray and work and do not fret,
For it is up to us to get
The evil out of Madaket,
Our Promised Land of Madaket.

By Georgine Flagg Judkins.
Copyright, 1926.

NANTUCKET.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

Fair isle, there is no dearer spot to me
Of all the favored lands beneath the sun!
Upon thy bosom, near the sounding sea,
I fain would rest me when my work is done;
There, by the side of dear ones I should rest
As never on Time's tossing waves thus far,
Thy sods, each Spring-time, greening on my breast,
Above me, in each May, my natal star,
While near my grave some pilgrim feet may tread
Who will my faith express, that, though for me
This life hath ended, yet I am not dead,
And in a fairer land I yet shall see
Those who have made that island consecrate,
Walking in gladness where our loved ones wait.
Jersey City, N. J., April 15, 1879.

[For the Journal.]

Sabbath, April 20, 1879.

A perfect day. The sky is blue above,
The golden sunlight streams o'er all the land
In smiling radiance; and below the grass
In emerald beauty forth doth spring, refreshed
By April showers, and warmed by breezes new
From southern climes whence, glowing bright
with fire

And torrid heat, the sun returns unto
His northern circuit. All the air is pure
And Silence sits upon the throne of Morn.

This sacred day—so pure itself, because
Of old the voice of God, who rules the world
With mighty sceptre and Almighty power,
Proclaimed it so, and hallowed it for rest—
Should man with holy awe and joy revere.

As sinks the sun beneath the deep blue sea,
Amid a flood of golden light so pure;
So may the brighter halo of a life,
Well spent in shedding beams of gospel light
And melting icy hearts, surround my soul
As it shall set into eternity,
Th' unfathomable sea which skirts the shores
Of Time.

Oh! may this glorious day be but
An image, faint, yet true, of that above,
Which lasts as long as God himself shall live,
Replete with pleasures bright forevermore;
And may the Son of Righteousness beam down
With constant rays, and strong, to draw me up
To the celestial gate, and may the path
"Shine more and more unto the perfect day."

Crossing Nantucket Sound.

From The Christian Science Monitor

The "Nobska" round Brant Point,
heads into the wind.
Here the water, lace-crested, leaps
with laughter,
rollicks blue against the buoys, rolls
green after,
winking in the sun. "Good-by, O
good-by, little island."

Walled, roofed-over in triangle of the
bow (tears later),
you watch the island recede. Ahead
the sea runs white-capped
to the sky, cloud-piled white on blue.
A waywardness, windswept,
activates this day; an antic tumult
possesses the water.

Now the breeze freshens. Stampede
of feet precedes legs downward
from top deck: boy legs, leached-
tangled dog at heel; nyloned legs
beneath flowering skirts; dimpled-
knees under shorts; trouser legs
flattened by wind—all negotiate stairs,
lurch cabinward.

Picnic paraphernalia skitters about;
deck-chairs tip over;
newspapers lift in wind, litter the air.
Two by two, one-by one,
deck-sitters rise, careen toward shel-
ter, until only you alone
remain. "Come in, come inside," small
boys shout from cabin cover.

But you laugh. There's a tumbling
turbulence here that satisfies
your need; a sense of buoyancy, of
quickenings. The horizon lifts
slantwise, toward the upper deck,
falls, sinks in a swift
motion to line below deck-rail. For
stability you lift your eyes:

Skyward, gulls balance, wheel in pat-
terns of overcoming:
they breast the wind, master this de-
terrent force in motion
forward in its despite. The sun delin-
eates in gold perfection
anatomy of each feathered frame, each
wind-bent wing.

Now in this sea-spun moment — un-
moored as gulls in the wind—
suddenly you tremble. Something is
happening here: some new
turnabout sense of arrival rather than
departure; a new you
saying "Hello" to a beginning, rather
than "Good-by" to an end.

Ethel Lamprey Jordan

The Fog Horn.

The fog rolls in from the sea tonight,
And I hear the horn on the Old Point
Light,
It seems to me like a soul in pain,
Which calls and calls and calls in
vain.
It warns the ships that come too near,
That just beyond are the shoals they
fear,
They scurry back like birds in flight,
And disappear in the mist and night.
Ah! would when the mists of life
roll in,
And we sail our bark thru' the world's
loud din,
A friendly voice would cut the veil,
Like the Old Point Horn with its
mournful wail,
And send us back to the open sea,
Where our course lies once more clear
and free.

—Barbara Hanna.

18 Hussey Street.

Nantucket Harbor.

The Boat's In

Around the Point a-tooting
The morning boat floats in,
Well-crowded decks in view now;
The Harbor looks so trim.

The Captain guides the wharfing;
The crowd awaits, alert
To dock and be greeted;
Vacation takes a spurt.
Horns toot, the pier is crowded;
The Town absorbs this load,
Makes room for these newcomers
On Main, on beach, on road.

The Fleet.

The anchorage is busy,
Flags, pennants, in the breeze;
Such luxury, such beauty
Alive upon the seas.

The tender is kept moving
Twixt Harbor, ship and shore;
It's loaded, coming, going;
Fun's everywhere in store.

Run up the main and spinn'ker;
Haul up the anchor true:
The wind and sails are waiting;
The Rainbow Fleet's in view.

Sails red and blue and orange,
A-powered with gentle breeze:
Solos, couples, parties
All sail Nantucket's seas.

Such graceful lines, such rhythm,
Such skill with rudder, sheet;
Such sparkling hulls which carry
Sails full and trim and neat.

Three toots—the sailing's over,
And sun-down's in the West:
Tender comes a-skimming;
Another day, sun-blest.

The Gulls

Aloft, skilled fishers soaring,
Now dive to seize a clam;
They soar again, food gathered
And seek the shore, then wham!
The clam is dropped to crack it.
For breakfast is inside;
A gulp, it's gone; another
Will follow in its stride.

Brant Point

This Point, a favorite spot to sit,
To watch, to bathe, or loaf a bit;
The scene in our Town's early days
Of whaleships built on sturdy ways.
Through years, the Light provides the
fame
Of Brant Point, cautioning ships off
the main:
A welcome sight for visitors' eyes,
The Light shines true 'neath varied
skies.

The Wharves.

The sights that wait off-islander's
view
There's boats, of course, and this and
that
For sailors' use at sea.
But here and there, you'll find a spot
Where food awaits one's pleasure,
And Straight Wharf, with its Theatre,
Presents dramatic treasure.
Seek what you will on these old
planks,

Ships, dunnage, food to savor:
These wharves retain old atmosphere
Nantucket's cherished flavor.

The Church Tower.

This steeple, towering o'er the Town—
Nantucket, old, of great renown—
This Tower tops the Harbor's life
And blesses those who've left their
strife;

Forgotten now their routine ways,
Their city toil and busy days
Here in this Harbor and this Town,
The Tower promotes a calmer round
Of hours and days more wisely spent
By all these folks health-pleasure bent.

Old Church-Tower stands a beacon
true;
Good Harbor, we'll come back to you.

—Reg Evans,

The Moorings, August, 1950.

For the "Nobska"

By Joseph Morin

The year was 1925.
America was reaching for the sky.
was that year the "Nobska" came,
down the coast from the state of
Maine.

round Brant Point her whistle blew.
those who heard where oh so few,
and that's the way it did begin;
that's the way she was ushered in.

The year was 1931.

A great depression had begun.
Trouble, too, for the "Nobska" new!
A broken bow on the ocean blue
Collided she did in the foggy air.
Who could repair with funds so rare?

Time marches on and the war does
start.

Four white steamers must come to
part.

Two have gone to serve the cause;
The "Nobska" stays, but does not
pause.

To hide her by day, she is painted
gray,
But still she looks so bright and gay.

The year was 1944.

The end looked near for this terrible
way.

J. O. Sandsbury, this ship's sire,
Had reached the day he must retire.
Twenty-four years they sailed to-
gether,

Through wind and rain and all kinds
of weather.

"Good-bye, old salt," said J. O., in
farewell,
And the "Nobska" rang one lonely
bell.

The year was 1950,

And cars were pretty nifty.

"Make more room below

For these wide cars to go."

So this old ship was then rebuilt;
Unlike a flower, she must not wilt.

Then men said of your oldest kindred,
The ailing ship, the "Martha's Vine-
yard,"

"What to do with this old relic?"

"Nothing to do but to sell it."

Now we have reached the present day.
What is your future, I cannot say.

A bigger ship is sailing the sound.
Such a controversy, it's the talk of
the town.

With a whistle that blows ten times
as loud,

You, old "Nobska," are as many times
proud.

When I see you, you seem to say,
In such a quiet, peaceful way:

"Never send me to the old scrap pile;
It's here I belong — on Nantucket
isle.

I knew your fathers; I knew your
mothers;

I know your children and all the oth-
ers.

I am old, but so is this town.
I am quaint, like this home I've found.

All I ask is to stay around,
And forever be Nantucket bound."

(Joe is the son of the former
Annette Moore, of Nantucket, and
is presently living in Providence,
R. I., where he is a senior at Hope
High School.)

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

A NANTUCKET LEGEND.*

All day Nantucket's sea-port town
Lay mute beneath December's frown!

All day upon his frozen throne,
The North Wind muttered to his own.

No mercy in such smothered calm,
When mariners look with alarm

Along the dim horizon, and
The wrathful spray leaps to the land!

Lo, suddenly the fierce gale springs;
Along the street a message rings:

"A vessel stranded on the bar!"
The dread news sounded near and far.

None, save the dwellers by the sea,
Know of the dark waves' treachery;

Of reef, whose white lips only mock
The victims of the cruel shock

That shivers the staunch vessel's form,
When stranded by the ocean storm!

"Man the life-boat!" Ne'er nobler crew
Sprang to their oars, to dare and do.

They plunged thro' waters, seething white;
They scorned the coming winter night;

They reached the sinking vessel's side,
Spurned the mad reef, th' infuriate tide;

Mid the wind's revel, and sea roar,
They brought the wrecked crew safe ashore!

How white the faces of the seas!
They could not daunt brave men like these;

Nantucket men—heroes indeed;
I ask not for their church, or creed.

Enough to know, when life's at stake,
They give their own for others' sake!

What matter that the sun went down?
"All safe!" rang thro' our sea-port town.

Nor chapel bell, nor priestly prayers
Can honor sacrifice like theirs.

No church has ministry more grand
Than Order of the Helping Hand,

When rescued, and the rescuers
Become God's truest worshippers!

Dec. 1887 ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

THE ETERNAL ATLANTIC.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

"The eternal Atlantic still washes our shores."—W.
H. MACY in Nantucket *Inquirer and Mirror*.

The sandy beach still stretches wide and far,
And, wondrous still, and free,
Outreaches to the dim horizon's verge
The vast and lonely sea.

White sails may dot its blue waves on those days
When all is calm and bright;
And white clouds in their spiral beauty rise
From steamers just in sight.

But by the starlight, and in moonlight hour,
The ocean seems so lone,—
The wide, vast, throbbing and eternal sea,—
Its voice becomes a moan.

Not so when on the beach the bathers throng,
And strength and beauty lend
Their wide attraction to the healthful joy
In which the hour they spend.

Then, with exultant bound the swimmer seeks
The bright, pulsating sea,
And on its buoyant waters calmly floats,
Or breasts its billowy glee.

Changes may come; old homesteads pass from those
Whose early days they blessed;
And many a loved one soar from earthly paths
To share the heavenly rest;

But still the sea remains, and on its breast
The sunshine sparkles fair,
While happy children on its borders play
And lovers wander there.

And when the moonbeams make their path of light
To touch the echoing shore,
Fond eyes gaze on the glorious beauty there,
Nor heed the breakers roar.

Forever then will mortals seek the isle
Whose shores that ocean laves,
Upon whose bosom her brave sons were kings,
And in their realm no slaves.

Eternal waters! lave those shores so dear,
And health and strength impart
To those who seek the peace that Nature gives
The true and noble heart.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Midsummer Day.

1959 Nantucket Enthusiasts Wax Poetic Over Island's 300th Anniversary This Year

Nantucket

Did I only dream of an Island
fair,
Steeped in the tang of the salty
air;
Where the white fog blows in a
misty roll,
And the Bouy moans like a poor
lost soul:
Where the crooked lane awander-
ing goes,
And the hollows are pink with
sweet wild rose,
Where little blue ponds reflect
the sky,
And graceful gulls go winging
by:
Where the harbor is dotted with
sailing boats,
And the thicket's alive with
mocking bird notes:
Where moors with flaunting
colors glow,
And fields of daisies look like
snow:
Where the sea is violet, of green,
or blue,
Or a mirror, repeating the
sunset's hue?
To get to that heavenly
Nantucket Isle,
I'd travel many a weary
mile,
It has something not found in
other lands
PEACE—on the shore of it's
wave-tipped sands,
Grace MacDougall Harris
(Mrs. J. S. Harris)
1722 N. Troy St. Apt. 783
Arlington 1, Va.

REUNION

They came to settle on a homeless
shore,
With darkness surging on the
stealthy waves,
The port unseen, but holding vi-
sions more
Compelling than the shadows on
the graves.
They sheltered by the deep reflect-
ing sea,
And gathered comfort from soil
and fertile rain,
Remembering the old receding
quay;
And now the landing with the new
refrain.
Soon vaguely realizing that the
land
Was still unoccupied and waiting
here,
They voyaged southward under
Tristram's hand,
And hastened forth to make their
title clear.
And then this town was chartered
as a port,
As if adventure to this island
realm
Was cordial to their hearts for
them to court

The treasured deep, with courage
at the helm.
The afterglow still cheers the
famous town
Erected here, and shines before
our eyes;
Whose ships returned with bright
renown,
And built in peace this island
Paradise.
We gather now to celebrate their
cause,
With generations spent and com-
ing on;
Again extol this isle of freedom,
laws,
Beloved by many steadfast neigh-
bors gone.
What task remains for us in vast-
er worlds;
What charts our way above the
ancient deep;
Sustains our venture; with joy
unfurls
The banners bourn by them and
ours to keep?
The North and South, the East
and West proclaim
The tones sent ringing over the
land and sea;
Still tolling through our native,
ancient name,
"Hoist sails, adventure's spirit
keep free."

George H. Coffin

Westminister WEST
Vermont.

Nantucket Island is Calling

Nantucket Light burns bright
tonight
On that Far-Away Isle at
sea.
Sounding a call for one and
all—
To come home to the Isle of
free.
Calling each name as it's
written—
Famous throughout
history,
Founders of old
Nantucket—
And fathers of you and
me.
Answer the call of the
Island,
Be proud of it's
heritage—
Mark well the time, for, in
fifty nine—
Three hundred years it will
be—
Kneel on the shores of
Nantucket,
And pay her your tribute
of fame,
Be you lawyer, doctor or
merchant—
Answer her roll call
by name.
The surf on the shores
of Nantucket—
Keeps calling the old Founder's
names,
The men of a past
generation—
Who dwell in that Isle's
Hall of Fame.
Answer! Ye sons of
Nantucket—
And Far-Away Isle in
the sea—
The Town Crier is reading the
roll call
Of the founders of that Isle
of the free.
(To be spoken as by Town-Crier)
"Barnard, Bunker, and Coleman,
Starbuck, Folger, Worth, Swain,
Macy, Gardner, Hussey—Calling,
calling by name."

Virginia BeBerus

Nantucket Talks to Her Summer Guests.

Off-Islanders remark to me
"Your pleasures must be few
When summer time is past and gone,
Whatever do you do?"
I smile on them—a pitying smile—
And wink—a knowing wink—
And answer "we're so busy
We've not time to even think."
I'm polite—I say "we miss you,
The old Town so quiet rests,
And the streets do look deserted
Without our summer guests,"
But we love the sweet September
And October's golden days,
When the sun shines o'er the commons
Through the Indian Summer haze.
The beach plums then are ripening
With sharp and spicy tang;
The goldenrod is gorgeous—
The wild grapes in clusters hang.
We store our jams and jellies
On our pantry shelves so neat
Knowing that another summer
You will find them good to eat.
Our homes are swept and dusted,
Our draperies ironed fine,
Our sheets and fleecy blankets
Hang flapping on the line,
And we scurry 'round like beavers
Making things all taut and snug
Against the winter's icy blasts
And the East wind's lash and tug.
Then, when these things are finished
We breathe a long-drawn sigh
And say "the season's over—
The winter drawing nigh.
Now we can take some comfort
And be ourselves once more
Until another summer
Comes knocking at the door."

We enjoy our simple pleasures—
Movies, bridge and solitaire,
Clubs and lectures, fine Church suppers
With their generous wholesome fare.
And if you happen to attend
The Church on Beacon Hill,
You join the Union Circle
And work with patient skill.

Making takers, dusters, aprons
Fit for ladies fine to don,
Hooked rugs, and downy bed-quilts
Some four-poster to adorn.
Then we plan a luncheon menu
To tempt your appetite;
We serve you nice clam chowder
And season it just right.
The rolls are light and fluffy
The salad is a dream,
And we finish out the story
With hot coffee and ice-cream.
Throughout the live-long winter
We work with thoughtful care
Planning for another summer
And our annual Church Fair.

Some days are bleak and stormy,
Some days the North wind roars,
And like hungry wolves, the breakers
Gnaw at the sandy shores.
But our hearts and nerves are steady
And we flout the winds with scorn;
Did not our sturdy Grandsires
Some of them—sail 'round Cape
Horn?

In winter-time, this little Isle
So many miles at sea
Is like a special place apart—
A happy family.
We rejoice in each one's pleasures,
We mourn with those who weep,
And through the storm and stress of
life
Our friendships true we keep.

Indeed we are not lonely;
Winter passes all too soon;
And almost before we know it
Comes once more the sunny June.
We fling wide our doors and windows,
Sweep and dust with might and
main—
For the steamer's at the landing
With our Summer Guests again.

—A. B. C.

Nantucket, Sept. 16, 1933.

Press Day Joys.

There's trouble in the printshop,
No language can express;
For Friday's rolled around again
The day we go to press.
The compositors are hustling fast,
Each has a dirty proof,
The make-up man is cussin'
In a way to raise the roof.
"Zip" has pied a galley full
Of solid nonpareil;
The boys are saying things to him
That make the brimstone smell.
The stenographer is jawin' 'bout
An ink-spot on her dress,
And any gol-darned fool can tell
We're trying to get to press.
Everything is all "balled up,"
The forms are in a mess;
And now the Old Man's asking:
When we're going to press?
Through the room there rings aloud,
A piercing hell-born wail—
The office dog is yelpin', 'cause
They're stepped upon his tail.
The pressman is ready now—but
The d—n old forms won't "lift",
So he whittles out a "dutchman",
And gives his quid a shift.
The forms are on the press at last,
The press is running great—
But we've got to take 'em off again—
"Forgot to change the date!"
They're on again! the motor's down,
We're running swift and slick,
But a paper's on the rollers now,
And you bet it's there to stick.
The whole d—n bunch is mad as sin,
And cussin' more or less,
For h—l breaks loose on Friday when
The paper goes to press.

Nantucket

There once was a man from
Nantucket
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

But he followed the pair to
Pawtucket
The man and girl with the bucket;
And he said to the man
He was welcome to Nan,
But as for the bucket, Pawtucket.

Then the pair followed pa to
Manhasset,
Where he still had the cash as an
asset;
But Nan and the man
Stole the money and ran,
And as for the bucket, Manhasset.

Christmas cards from long ago

About a hundred years ago, Christmas card messages were apt to be expressed in rather quaint verse. Here are several reprinted recently in the Illustrated London News.

From an elaborate card of the 1880's:
Come welcome again
The King of Seasons all
For Christmas doth reign
With hearty good cheer.
Success to next year
Re-echoes from wall to wall.

This one is from a card of 1878:
Happy Christmas to thee, dearest,
Dwelling in thy happy home,
And we wish for thee, how fondly,
Many long bright years to come.
May such friends be thine as ever
Seek thy pleasure as their own:
And if sorrow must come nigh thee
May'st thou never weep alone.
And here's another:

'Tis now a bright and jovial time
For friends together meeting
But those whom fate doth separate
Must take a friendly greeting.
Then let me hope my missive may
Serve as a welcome token
Of all the loving words I'd say
Could'st thou but hear them spoken!



Scalloping.

1953

Will the price go up
or will it go down?
THAT is the question,
Nantucket's the town.

You get up at six
and are on your way,
That is the beginning
of a freezing day.

Down go the dredges
three on each side,
Into the seaweed
where the scallops hide.

After sixty minutes
which seem like hours,
(During which, the course
is set for the towers)

You pull up the dredges
filled with mirk,
And that's all you get
for two hours' work.

When eight bags is the limit
they seem hard to get;
But, if the limit was less
we'd want more yet.

The dredges are put
over the side once more,
They sink in the brink,
going lower than before.

Scallops again are
what we are after;
The work is so hard,
you don't hear much laughter.

With a prayer
and a little luck,
Scallops—not shells
will accompany the muck.

This process is repeated
many times each day,
Until we get our eight bags,
and go on our way.

In our minds, one question
still goes around,
Will the prices come up,
or will they go down?

Marjorie Bartlett

"WHEN THE SHIPS COME HOME."

'Twas on a famous sea girl isle,
When summer breezes blow,
And nature wears her sweetest smile,
And ocean's billows flow,
And proudly bear their plumes of white,
From Tom Never's Head to Sankaty light.

Standing beside her cottage door,
O'er-mantled with an ivy vine,
In grassy lane by 'Seonset's shore,
Where graze the ever peaceful kine,
An ancient dame was seen one day,
While the fisher folk were far away.

"Pray why do you wait at your cottage gate,
"With your wrinkled face to the sea?"
"When the storm is abroad and the hour late,
"The old times come back to me,
"As I watch the wind and the wild sea foam,
"I wait till the wandering ships come home."

But old Nantucket's glory fled,
When her whalers left the sea,
Her ancient heroes all are dead,
And naught is left but the memory,
Of many a ship her name has born,
From Behring Straits to bleak Cape Horn.

Old ocean still bears many a ship,
Fram far Cathay to friendly shores,
From Tuckernuck to Pochick rip,
The same blue water breaks and roars,
And over all is the same blue sky,
And the wild flowers bloom as in days gone by.

But like the dame at her-cottage gate,
Whether our years be many or few,
We bide our time and only wait,
Whether alone or a merry crew,
Tho' far and wide our fancies roam,
We wait till our wandering ships come home.

C. S. K.

SIASCONSET.

[From the New Bedford Standard.]

THE WIZARD BELL-BUOY

BY ALLEN COFFIN.

In the lone long watch of midnight,
When the voice of the sea sounds gruff,
And red and white glints of range-light
Sparkle under the old north bluff,
Come the tones of a wild wizard bell
On the can-buoy which marks the channel,
Of the east wind most mournful to tell—
Of a boisterous easterly spell.

Thus low-voiced wizard and storm-king,
As the dark-rolling tide flows by,
Continues its weird rude tinkling
And plaintively moans to know why
The east wind ever suggests sadness—
Ever brings to the waters unrest,
To the beach-sands constant nervousness,
And to sailors austere mental stress.

So I gain faith in that buoy-can,
And note its bleak prophecies well,
When it speaks a tongue most human,
With its inconstant seer-like bell,
Ever true to its lifework—singing
In the sea's monotone, then swelling
Out the terrors of old ocean, ringing
And rolling, on the wild waves dashing.

The west wind will come in its turn,
The northers will blast with their snow,
And the swamp-scented breezes so warm
Will perfume the south wind's blow.
I know by the tones of that bell-buoy
How the white crests of the sea will toy
With the staunchest craft in their fury,
And deign never the hail "ship ahoy!"

One eve in the twilight musing,
Came gleams of a white phantom bark
Which inspired a mystic thinking
Of the hallow'd Dove and the Ark.
As Ararat's headland 'cross the sound
Loom'd in fantastic gray cliffs profound,
Then faded away ere morning crown'd
With emerald brine, not elsewhere found,
A cloudless scene of eternal day.
Nantucket, August 11, 1891.

Sails at Nantucket.

The loveliest sails you ever have seen,
Are the sails on the Nantucket Sea;
Sails of yellow and lilac and green,
Sails of pink and of bright sheen.
You never have glimpsed a rainbow
hue,
High in the heavens when rain is
through,
Gayer than sails on the Nantucket
blue.

But the prettiest sail you ever have
seen,
Sailing the Nantucket Sea,
Is a gay little sail of red, white and
blue,
Skipping the water and dipping to
you:
Old Glory's colors, racing free,
America's challenge to keep men free
Far out on the Nantucket Sea.

The little boats skim, and dip and
foam,
Sailing the Nantucket Sea.
They plunge toward the deep
Then careen toward home;
And never the captains, so young and
gay,
Miss a race in the wind on a sun-
shiny day,
On the blue of old Nantucket Bay.

L'envoi:
On a ship with a sail, a man is free;
He exults with an ancient, exuberant
glee,
Never a boat with coal or steam,
Never a boat with atom's beam,
Can match a skiff with straining sail,
And rudder held firm against the
gale—
Breasting a wind-tossed sea.

—Olive Ely Hart.
Alden Park Manor,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Farewell to the Little Grey Lady.

I had to go where duty called
Where another Light must shine,
Where the pounding surf and sea-
gulls scream
Turns back the hands of time.

Back to the State I love so well
That I left long years ago,
To the hills, the lakes, and rugged
shores
And the tides surging ebb and flow.

There's a song in my heart for the
journey home,
But whence comes this flood of tears?
Could it be for the ones I leave be-
hind
And the Friends I've known for years?

To the Little Grey Lady, I bade fare-
well
For my own home over the lea;
You call her "The Little Grey Lady"
But to me, she's the "Gem of the Sea."

Just another page in the drama of
life
Where each must play a part,
So I journeyed back to the old home
State
But I left "The Grey Lady" my heart.

Ted Haskins
Owls Head Light Station
Owls Head, Maine.

The last Civilian Lighthouse Keeper
on Nantucket Island. Best regards to
all of my old friends.
1952 Ted Haskins

Rainbow Fleet Nantucket Harbor

By Edwina Stanton Babcock

Copyright 1930 by Edwina Stanton Babcock

The Rainbow Fleet at Nantucket.

Gay little sailboats,
With sails of rainbow hue,
Gliding o'er a summer sea,
'Neath skies of deepest blue.

Kissed by tiny wavelets,
Drenched with silver spray,
Sailing slow, before the breeze,
Of a sun-lit day.

Not a care among you,
Laughter gay and light,
May your little boats come home,
With sails still trim and bright.

Ina E. Williamson.

Town Meeting.

Town meetin' time is comin',
And de busy bees are hummin',
And braggin' what dey're goin' to do;
Some will swell de town's expenses,
Under all sorts of pretences,
And vote for everythin' dat's new;
For Retrenchment some are cryin',
And they'll be forever tryin',
To cut the figgers down so small,
And to make deir calculations
On so small appropriations
Dat we couldn't pay de bills at all.

Don't you hear dat bell a-ringin'?
So loud, I do declare;
Don't you feel your conscience stingin'
While climbin' up de Town Hall stair?

Now you go down street a-walkin',
And you'll hear dem fellers talkin',
For each is bound to free his mind;
All will growl about de taxes,
But dey've many different axes,
For each will have an axe to grind;
If you'd be a politician,
You can't go for prohibition,
But you'll have to cast your vote for
Rum;

And de man dat blows de loudest,
And now wags his head de proudest,
When he gets inside will sit dere—
dumb!

Don't you feel your duty urg'in'?
It calls you to be dere;
Don't you see dat crowd a-surgin',
All climbin' up de Town Hall stair?

—W. H. M. in *Inquirer and Mirror*,
Feb. 22, 1890.

Scalloping.

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Scallops again are
what we are after;
The work is so hard,
you don't hear much laughter.

With a prayer

[From the New Bedford Standard.]

THE WIZARD BELL-BUOY

BY ALLEN COFFIN.

In the lone long watch of midnight,
When the voice of the sea sounds gruff,
And red and white glints of range-light
Sparkle under the old north bluff,
Come the tones of a wild wizard bell
On the can-buoy which marks the channel,
Of the east wind most mournful to tell—
Of a boisterous easterly spell.

Thus low-voiced wizard and storm-king.
As the dark-rolling tide flows by,
Continues its weird rude tinkling
And plaintively moans to know why
The east wind ever suggests sadness—
Ever brings to the waters unrest,
To the beach-sands constant nervousness,
And to sailors austere mental stress.

So I gain faith in that buoy-can,
And note its bleak prophecies well,
When it speaks a tongue most human,
With its inconstant seer-like bell,
Ever true to its lifework—singing
In the sea's monotone, then swelling
Out the terrors of old ocean, ringing
And rolling, on the wild waves dashing.

The west wind will come in its turn,
The norther will blast with their snow,
And the swamp-scented breezes so warm
Will perfume the south wind's blow.
I know by the tones of that bell-buoy
How the white crests of the sea will toy
With the staunchest craft in their fury,
And deign never the hail "ship ahoy!"

One eve in the twilight musing,
Came gleams of a white phantom bark
Which inspired a mystic thinking
Of the hallow'd Dove and the Ark.
As Ararat's headland 'cross the sound
Loom'd in fantastic gray cliffs profound,
Then faded away ere morning crown'd
With emerald brine, not elsewhere found,
A cloudless scene of eternal day.
Nantucket, August 11, 1891.

Sails at Nantucket.

The loveliest sails you ever have seen,
Are the sails on the Nantucket Sea;
Sails of yellow and lilac and green,
Sails of pink and of bright sheen.
You never have glimpsed a rainbow
hue,
High in the heavens when rain is
through,
Gayer than sails on the Nantucket
blue.

But the prettiest sail you ever have
seen,
Sailing the Nantucket Sea,
Is a gay little sail of red, white and
blue,
Skipping the water and dipping to
you:
Old Glory's colors, racing free,
America's challenge to keep men free
Far out on the Nantucket Sea.

The little boats skim, and dip and
foam,
Sailing the Nantucket Sea.
They plunge toward the deep
Then career toward home;
And never the captains, so young and
gay,
Miss a race in the wind on a sun-
shiny day,
On the blue of old Nantucket Bay.

L'envoi:
On a ship with a sail, a man is free;
He exults with an ancient, exuberant
glee,
Never a boat with coal or steam,
Never a boat with atom's beam,
Can match a skiff with straining sail,
And rudder held firm against the
gale—
Breasting a wind-tossed sea.

—Olive Ely Hart.

Alden Park Manor,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Farewell to the Little Grey Lady.

I had to go where duty called
Where another Light must shine,
Where the pounding surf and sea-
gulls scream
Turns back the hands of time.

Back to the State I love so well
That I left long years ago,
To the hills, the lakes, and rugged
shores
And the tides surging ebb and flow.

There's a song in my heart for the
journey home,
But whence comes this flood of tears?
Could it be for the ones I leave be-
hind
And the Friends I've known for years?

To the Little Grey Lady, I bade fare-
well

For my own home over the lea;
You call her "The Little Grey Lady"
But to me, she's the "Gem of the Sea."

Just another page in the drama of
life

Where each must play a part,
So I journeyed back to the old home
State

But I left "The Grey Lady" my heart.

Ted Haskins
Owls Head Light Station
Owls Head, Maine.

The last Civilian Lighthouse Keeper
on Nantucket Island. Best regards to
all of my old friends.

1952 Ted Haskins

Rainbow Fleet

NANTUCKET HARBOR

Handfuls of many-colored petals, strewn
On water netted into azure loops,
Like lotus-flowers on a blue lagoon;
So, on the lift of high-tide afternoon
The Rainbow Fleet, in shifting, tinted groups
Patterns on headland or on grass-grown dune.
Sails fluttering loose where whirling tide has
caught

Careless lee-bow; sails blown before the wind
Past curves of Monomoy; loose-shuffled vans
Clustered in swarms of over-lapping fans
Butterfly-pinioned, tapering and taut.
The shifting, motley splashes slow compound
Like clots of pigment on a palette-round
Before they lengthen into vivid line
In a bright triangle flag-buoy bound.
The scarlet leads; a luminous flame-patch
Its tapering fullness slants upon the breeze;

Dark fingers of the wind a purple snatch
In full-blown flower that on the flood-tide flees
With far-flung, sea-stained petals following.
Yellow, green, blue, black, rose; the deep
Of tanbark copper; sails bloomy as grapes,
Sails brown as resin, as topazes that steep
Warm sun-lit tawny in transparent shapes;
Sails honey-colored, mint and berry-bright
Cutting a thousand angles of the light
To luminous points that lantern all the bay.
Where the dark masses of the juniper
Shadow the hollowed barrens of the shore
The leading sail steals out to windward; sheer
Rose-colored petal, free of tidal bond
Speeding close-hauled, all following sails
beyond

Down the long angle of a course laid clear . . .
One moment to cross the line, to take the
cheer . . .

But smothering down in films of sudden gray
The fog rolls in across the sunlit bay . . .
Dim, hazy wings of moths vanish away!

Edwina Stanton Babcock.

Town Meeting.

Town meetin' time is comin',
And de busy bees are hummin',
And braggin' what dey're goin' to do;
Some will swell de town's expenses,
Under all sorts of pretences,
And vote for everythin' dat's new;
For Retrenchment some are cryin',
And they'll be forever tryin',
To cut the figgers down so small,
And to make deir calculations
On so small appropriations
Dat we couldn't pay de bills at all.

Don't you hear dat bell a-ringin'?
So loud, I do declare;
Don't you feel your conscience stingin'
While climbin' up de Town Hall stair?

Now you go down street a-walkin',
And you'll hear dem fellers talkin',
For each is bound to free his mind;
All will growl about de taxes,
But dey've many different axes,
For each will have an axe to grind;
If you'd be a politician,
You can't go for prohibition,
But you'll have to cast your vote for
Rum;
And de man dat blows de loudest,
And now wags his head de proudest,
When he gets inside will sit dere—
dumb!

Don't you feel your duty urg'in'?
It calls you to be dere;
Don't you see dat crowd a-surgin',
All climbin' up de Town Hall stair?

—W. H. M. in *Inquirer and Mirror*,
Feb. 22, 1890.

When her whalmen left the sea,
Her ancient heroes all are dead,
And naught is left but the memory,
Of many a ship her name has born,
From Behring Straits to bleak Cape Horn.

Old ocean still bears many a ship,
From far Cathay to friendly shores,
From Tuckernuck to Pochick rip,
The same blue water breaks and roars,
And over all is the same blue sky,
And the wild flowers bloom as in days gone
by.

But like the dame at her cottage gate,
Whether our years be many or few,
We bide our time and only wait,
Whether alone or a merry crew,
Tho' far and wide our fancies roam,
We wait till our wandering ships come home.
C. S. K.

SIASCONSET.

The Rainbow Fleet at Nantucket.

Gay little sailboats,
With sails of rainbow hue,
Gliding o'er a summer sea,
'Neath skies of deepest blue.

Kissed by tiny wavelets,
Drenched with silver spray,
Sailing slow, before the breeze,
Of a sun-lit day.

Not a care among you,
Laughter gay and light,
May your little boats come home,
With sails still trim and bright.

Ina E. Williamson.

I.

"Dry" or "Wet," wet or dry, which shall it be,
In our free Nantucket island Democracy?
Shall moral Massachusetts hesitate
When south of Dixon's line ne'er every state
Is barring alcoholic poison from its bounds?
Both black and white the thunder chorus sounds
For Freedom from the cruel Tyrant's rule.
Shall Mass. and 'York resign their moral school
And let Georgia and Oklahoma lead
The van of progress, with such rapid speed?

II.

Even 'Homa dear, our strongest, youngest child
From her cradle cries with accents loud and wild,
"No Poison shall be made or sold," where our Constitution reigns.
It shall in our gutters run, but not in human veins.
Oklahoma men and women, too well poison know,
And in their bodies, death and disease never more shall sow.
Time-serving doctors and psuedo scientists may prate,
But leading doctors know and modern science state
That for the healthy man alcohol is no food,
And more or less a poison is, which pollutes the human blood.

III.

And opens wide diseases' door of every name,
Muddles the brain, and weakens the human frame,
Begets a race of erotic, anaemic and paretic taint
That their fathers curse and in life's struggle faint,
That kindly nature oft declines to re-produce
As being for this earth of no earthly human use.
When our wondrous mechanism, so delicate and strong,
Is fitted to run an hundred years, with nothing wrong,
In our lovely Island Home, kind Nature is so kind—
What fools we are to her wise hints to be so blind.

IV.

Young man! Can't you resist the taunts and jeers so loud
Of "fast" young fellows that around you crowd?
Can't you depend on your own strength to stand
Without supporting "stick" or "toddy" at your hand?
Then why do you longer cumber earth with your useless life?
You are too weak, not fitted for earthly battles strife.
Nantucket Whalers!—"The Bravest of the Brave," most skilled on ev'ry sea
On 'Lantic, Arctic or Pacific wave, wherever they might be,
On voyages three or four years long, with "lays" one hundred thousand dol-
lars in the hold,
To gladden all at home, when "Brant Point," rejoiced the sailors bold.

V.

When our southern brothers swore that our Union should not stand
You rallied to defend it, both on the sea and on the land.
Are you not the sons of Pilgrims who left our English home
For liberty and religion on unknown shores to roam?
Shall sons of slaves, wild "Cherks," "Chicks," "Chocks" and Seminoles
Lead us in Rum's battle to preserve our human souls?
Nantucket Freeman! who will be to blame
If this year, we do not wipe out our record of shame?
Shall our piers and moors call for victims more of drink?
No! rather let the dear old Purple Island sink.

VI.

Old Noah it is said—a drunkard he became
And covered all his family with shame
Grave Plutarch tells two thousand years ago in ancient times
The Spartans made their Helots drunk, to see their many crimes,
As an example to young Spartans what habits to ignore.
Nantucket Freeman, do you need any examples more?
The brave old Romans, too, in tongue so rotund organ-like and grand
That as the summum bonum which any could demand

"Mens sana in corpore sano,"

A sound mind in a sound and healthy body.
This, still remains as true and great a human good
As when Romulus and Remus lived by Tiber's silver flood.

VII.

Of course the pockets of the dealers and "Budweisers" will have pain,
But then remember that the whole community will gain,
As when Lincoln proclaimed that the slaves should be free
The slave holder lost all his human property.
When even lovely women [O! tempora, O! mores] gamble, smoke and drink,
Is not our country, Rome-like, trembling on the brink?
As when Goths and Vandals through 'Switzer passes came
O'er Lombardian plains e'en to the walls of ancient Rome?
Shall Nantucket island be another Monte Carlo name
Or shall we leave to exiled Bonapartes the game.

VIII.

Nantucketers! Let your old motto reign "No compromise with sin."
"Touch not! Taste not! Handle not!"—again its reign begin.
Far worse than "Automobiles" is the gambler-drunkard sway.
Let's write February tenth, that they have had their day.
Nantucket Freeman! See that no more shall helpless mortals flee
To seek "Nirvana" on our trackless moors or wild wintry sea,
For lives legally destroyed by licensed corner hells
That never more should ring their sad funereal knells.
Freeman! Will you see that no flood of woman's tears
Tingles your conscience and stuns your stolid ears;
See that you do not again disgrace old Massachusetts' name
And blot her sacred record of three centuries of fame.
See that no more red human blood from your white ballot oozes
As "Wet" or "Dry" this year, its solemn verdict chooses.

William Barnes, Sr.

Nantucket Island, Mass., January 23rd, 1908.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

'Tis Christmas Eve, the tower bell rings out the
midnight hour,
And, 'ere its lingering notes have stilled, the chim-
ing echoes carry
The message of the angels to far beyond the edg-
ing border of the timeless sea;
"Peace and Good Will"—how brave the words,
how gently true,
Oh, that the age-old song could bring to a greedy
world anew
Its blessed truths—so needed now to form the
common ground
Where men might meet and talk and drop the
shield of war.
Oft has the tide set strong against the world of
now, to press back
The earnestness of men who seek to hold aloft the
flickering torch.
But hope still lives, and with the season's cheer to
urge it on
We will not cease to keep God's faith for man
before these times.
The echoes die—'tis Christmas morn—the bell is
silent, sleeping
Beneath its dome of gold until the next hour wakes
a single stroke.
"Peace and Good Will"—may prayers be offered
with the winged words,
To give the listening world a pledge while yet the
fleeting year
Ushers in, with swelling midnight song, another
Christmas Day.

EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE.

Candlemas Day—February 2nd.

"My day has come," the ground-hog
said
As he stretched himself in glee;
And, giving a shake of his wise old
head,
He chuckled a loud "Tee Hee!"
So up he climbed from his narrow
cell,
A look at the weather to take;
Says he, "I wonder if all is well —
Is Winter in for a break?"
With quaking heart the air he sniffs—
"I only hope it's snowing!"
But a few clear, zero breezy whiffs
Soon set his pulses glowing.
Alas, alack; 'Tis a sorry plight!
(The sun shines bright and round);
As, outlined sharp, he views the
height —
His shadow on the ground!
"Still six more weeks of Arctic
frost?—
then, give me back my hole!
By Boreas, I'll not be bossed
By any dearth of coal!"
"Gramercy, Eftsoons and Gadzooks—"
Yclept Arctomys Monas, —
"This Winter beats the Doomsday
Books
And all the almanacs!"

OFF NANTUCKET.

Out from the shore of this island old
A lightship at moorings lay;
Her signal horns are loud and bold
And her lights flash incessant ray.
And she rings a bell—with a mighty sound
That is heard for many a mile—
To warn the sailors of the dangers 'round
The shores of the rock-bound isle.
Oh! Sad are the toots of that signal horn
And mournful the bell's loud toll
And those lights that flash from dusk till dawn
Reflect on the sinner's soul.
"Danger!" is the tune the great bell rings
To the sailors strong and brave—
"Beware!" the horn with its loud voice sings—
"Beware of a watery grave."
And the sailors, in that light's bright ray,
The Saviour's message see—
"I am the truth, the light, the way—
Oh, cast your hope in Me."
So when the storm lifts high the wave
And his bark be tempest-driven,
The sailor prays that beyond the grave
He'll reach the port called Heaven.

Nantucket, Aug. 15. Francis A. O'Brien.

Upon his departure late in August
the late Mr. O'Brien also penned the
following and sent it to The Inquirer
and Mirror:

TO A TWIG

Taken From "Ivy Lodge," Nantucket.

I bring you from Nantucket old
A slip of ivy green—
Whose mother stalk of life, I'm told,
Some fifty years has seen.
And in those two score years and ten
It ne'er has ceased to grow,
Though many a killing frost there's been
And many a fall of snow.
And many a summer season fled,
With its droughth and scorching heat,
But still the old plant crept and spread
And never sought retreat.
So plant ye then this ivy green—
In sunshine or in shade;
For it will grow—content, serene—
Where'er its bed is made.
But plant it nigh the homestead gray,
Its sacred walls to screen;
There let it grow till Judgment Day—
This rare old ivy green.

Sharon, Mass.

Francis A. O'Brien.

Aug. 13, 1944

"There'll Always Be An Island."

(In Rebuttal)

Once more, once more I hear the
sound
Of waves that always alter;
Around the Isle a music found
By seas that never falter.
From a high bluff we scan the blue
Unfathomable sea—
The beach grass of a tawny hue,
And one bent beech nut tree.
I cannot now prognosticate
Concerning next year's home,
But, oh, I pray, it is my fate
To sniff the salty foam.
Next year I'll plead for the same
spot—
I do not want to chuck it—
A little house, a little lot
On that old Isle NANTUCKET.
F. N. Armstrong.
Edgewater Park, N. J.

NANTUCKET MOORS

As seen from "Altar Rock," the highest point on the Island.

BY OLIVER HUCKEL.

Alone with Nature. Billowy miles on miles
Of virgin solitude, vast loneliness,
Surrounded by the silence and the sky
And garrisoned by the far stretches of the sea.
Detached, immune from all the ills of life
And all the fever heats that plague men's blood.

'Tis vast and lonely sea upon the land,
Far reaching waves and billows, breaking surf
In yellow gorse and misty purple heather,
Illimitable browns and greens to far horizons,
And circling dunes and cliffs and shimmering sea.

A tragic land, this moorland solitude,
Mysterious in its obscure monotonies,
Slighted by human dwellings, scorned of life,
The habitude of silence and the winds,
The mists and clouds, and darkness, and dark dreams,
Perchance 'tis phantom-haunted in the storms
That rush and shriek across its sombre wastes.

Something majestic and colossal here,
A sense of Stonehenge and old nature rites,
A sense of the most ancient Pyramids,
For the vast plains belong to the dim elder world
Not restless like the ever-changing sea
Perpetual in moaning and disquiet—
These moors are still as antediluvian floods,
And permanent as the old granite hills.

At twilight comes their subtle witchery;
When night is falling, then their shades arise
And meet the heavens in obscurity;
The rounds and hollows fade in mystic way
And close upon the night with ghostly wings.

Spring breaks in glory on these moorland wilds,
And summer riots in their changing colors;
Autumn is gorgeous with a fading rapture;
And winter brings the bleakness and the pain,—
The long drawn winter, sterile and unkempt.

A sorrow and solemnity abides
Forever on these moors—a something deep
Akin to beauty and akin to music;
A sorrow that is crying evermore;
A solemn silence that is full of awe,
Touching the deepest chords of being
Both by its vastness and simplicity.

No Vale of Tempe with its flowering fields,—
This is a gaunt waste,—gaunt but all appealing;
A chastened grandeur, primitive, eternal.
It lifts the soul by subtle atmosphere
To kinship with the largest things. It calls
To the high moods of thought. It lifts the spirit
To the high Alps or loftiest Himalayas,
By its untrammelled stretches, reaching out
To the infinities and the eternities.

It has been great through countless centuries.
Men come and go. It bides the same forever.
Few dare to challenge its drear solitudes;
Only a stray hut breaks its boundless wastes
At intervals—some farmer or some fisher;
Only a few roads open up its wilds,
Few roads that wander from the beaten highway.

Patches of scrub oak struggle here and there
But dare not lift their heads, forever kept in fear
By the incessant gales and tempest winds
That sweep the plains and dwarf their life.

Here in the moorland come the sound of bells,
Perchance on still nights when the wind is right
The distant tolling of the buoy bell,—
Thin, thin and clear almost a spirit bell
From out the deep. But oftener the sounds
Of the town church bells,—of the Lisbon bell
Sweet-toned, but homesick for old Portugal,—
Sweetness and sadness sounding o'er the sea.

Here on the moorlands cry the piteous ghosts
Of all who have been wrecked upon these shores,—
The ghosts of the first Indians of the isle,
Fading before the white man's fatal touch;
The ghosts of ancient Quakers, drab and gray,
Who perished in the onward march of years;
The ghosts of whalers lost far off at sea
Never again to greet the lights of home;
The ghosts of hopes and dreams and tragedies
Cry all night long in moaning half-suppressed—
Perchance it seemeth but the dark night wind!

Now and again a hummock or a pond
Flashes upon the moorland like an eye
Lighting the landscape. But its quiet glance
Darkens with sinister beauty at the dusk.

Among the meadow-sweet and dark broom grass
Are winged things that flutter here and there;
The bees are humming in the flower cups;
Strange butterflies are quivering in the air;
And yonder flies an owl, short flight, confused
By the excess of light, longing for dusk;
And now and then a sea-gull, wandering
Across the island like a wandering soul
Astray and knowing not its destined haven.

Wild roses and flowering gorse are here
And bright marsh mallow and sweet fern,
Rosemary heather, called sea lavender,
White alder floods with fragrance many a stretch,
Tempering the grandeur with fair daintiness.

We call to mind the low-lying dunes of Holland,
The heaths of England and the Scottish moors,
But these broad moors of Nantucket hold their own,—
Their subtle charm, their baffling fascination.
When they lie bathed in sunshine of midsummer
With all the glory of their greens and golds,
And the white foam of the wild carrot blossoms,
The ponds like opals in the moorland hollows,
The low dunes spotted with whitest hummock grass,—
Then comes an exultation to the soul,
A sea-won freedom, and the untrammelled spirit
Breathes free, breathes deep of new found liberty!

And when the great fog rolls its tidal wave
A wondrous sea-change comes upon the moors,—
Headland and dune, and lake and wold
Are curtained in soft grays and heavy mists;
All things loom up gigantic in the fog,
Vague, strange, fantastic, veiled in mystery,
As if great brooding wings enwrapping us,—
The island, and all life in endless awe,
A new absorption in infinity.

Out on the moorlands are the burying grounds
With stones aslant, some covered with the briers,
Here are the generations,—ancient names,—
And quaint old legends of their faith and hopes.
See them in the moonlight and the starlight,—
How ghostly here upon the moors at night!

And on the edge, an upland of the moors
An ancient wind-mill, grey and worn with years;
Its arms outstretched in piteous appeal
To all the stormy blasts that sweep the seas:
"Be kind! the centuries have come and gone,
My work is done. I stand here as a witness
To the old days of island wealth and glory,
The dauntless whaling days when in their pride
My ships were known on all the Seven Seas
And from the golden Indies and Cathay
Brought tribute to adorn our island homes."

The moorland sunsets, like apocalypse,—
The heaven's unfolding in a blazing glory
With visions of the far Celestial City,—
Blue, purple, scarlet and the burnished gold
Across the moors, across the shimmering sea.

And the autumnal color of the moorlands—
Perpetual sunsets,—purple, gold and red,—
Broad strokes and masses of exuberant color
By the consummate artistry of Nature,
A necromancer, mystic and sublime.

Around its edges are the haunts of men,—
Nantucket Town with all its busy shipping,

Sconset upon the cliffs, and far Wauwinet;
But all the moorland of the island stretches
Miles upon miles of virgin wilderness,—
This shimmering sea of meadows, lakes and wolds.

An ancient permanence holds fast the place,—
While men and sea, and times and climes are changing
This stretch of tawny herbage far and near
Remains unaltered and inviolate as the stars
From prehistoric times until this day,
And gives to these fast-fleeting, changeable times,
So full of newness, a deep timeless note,—
The whole circumference haunts of primal peace.

There is a mystery upon these moorlands
That baffles and allures, impenetrable,—
A strange pervasive presence of many moods,—
Out of the vast it comes and to the vast
It sweeps us. And it sings a diapason
Of the uncharted and illimitable,
A chant of the whole drama of existence.

What is the inner spirit of these moors?
The spirit that our hearts have felt at times
In this strange sweep of wilderness,
This deep-appealing desert of wild growth,
These unrestricted leagues of liberal lands
Like broad and free and all magnanimous thoughts.—
What Titan form comes forth and walks the night
In mystery and colossal majesty?
It is the Spirit of the ancient silence,
It is the Spirit of the open spaces,
It is the Spirit of the storm and tempest,
It is the Spirit of the deathless beauty,
That with its fears and hopes and solemn joy
Forever haunts the infinite soul of man.

Here on these moors a subtle baptism comes,
A sense of kinship with the Universe,
Poise and serenity and noblest vision,
As if dear Mother Nature had knelt down
And held us close and taken us to her heart
And made us one with her forevermore.

[Dr. Oliver Huckel who writes the poem on "Nantucket Moors from Altar Rock" in this issue is the author of many volumes, among the best known of which are "Through England with Tennysson," "A Dreamer of Dreams," a new life of William Penn, and twelve volumes of translation of the music-dramas of Richard Wagner. Dr. Huckel is a Congregational minister, living at Sunrise Manse, Greenwich, Conn. He visited Nantucket first more than twenty-five years ago, and was greatly impressed by the moors on his sojourn in Nantucket this past summer.—Ed.]

Nantucket Moors

These rugged moors were pastures, years ago,—
Sheep Commons. Did those flocks, I wonder,
know
The same deep, rutted paths,—this feathered
broom,
And where the prickly, purple thistles bloom,—
The bog where cat-o-nine-tails grow each year
With Rip, the old brown turtle hiding near?
Did they find the table rock where the rabbits
play,
And stop to stare before they run away?
Gray rocks and sand and heathered-covered-
plains!
How friendly they are in drenching, summer
rains!
Shining, and dripping! The smell of the sea in
the air!
With the outstretched arms of home, they await
us there.
They know the joy of uneventful days,
Of life with simple things, in rutted ways.
MARION S. WISE.

[Written for the Inquirer and Mirror.]
RING ON, OH ISLAND BELLS!

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

[Suggested by remarks in a letter from a Nantucket friend; written while the Sabbath evening bells were ringing.]

Ring, island bells! from northern tower,
From lowlier, western steeple, ring!
And thou of wondrous tone and power,
From foreign shore, thy music bring!

And, with a joyous melody,—
O bell at "Seonset by the sea,"
Ring out, ring out the Sabbath call!
Ring, island bells! Ring, one and all!

Ring! ring to call the people forth!
Toll! toll! the preachers now to warn;—
They answer not who from the earth
Are sped, and may no more return.

Yet, hark! as still o'er plain and sea
Your music floats—sweet melody!
Methinks that angel pinions rest
Above the island loved the best.

Ring out, oh bells of childhood! tell
The story of the vanished days;
The cadences in rhythmic swell
Are full of joy, are full of praise,

And calls to fellowship and prayer;
And voices mingle with them there,
That sound with us on earth no more,
But echo from the farther shore.

Ring out, oh bells of earlier days!
When cares were few, and hopes were young,
When lofty thoughts and simple ways
Kept time with tunes by old bells rung.

Ring out with loud, reproving sound,
'Gainst every sham the world around;
And with a sweet and clarion peal
Proclaim the banns of truth and weal.

Ring on, oh bells of days gone by!
Your melodies have holy power
To wake the echoes from the sky
For thoughtful souls at twilight hour.

Ring on, and call the willing feet
To tread the aisles for worship meet;
And though I bide, at Duty's call,
In home's sweet rest, I hail you all.

Now far and near the echoes float
Of these sweet Sabbath evening bells,
And loud and clear th' angelic note
Which to my heart their music tells.

They bring the distant and the dead
Close to my side, and round me shed
The sweet aroma of the hour
When life was new, and youth my dower.

O bells! sweet bells! shall I be sad?
Or shall my spirit grateful be?
Or shall I, with strong hope, be glad
That nothing dies eternally?

That hope revives, that youth returns,
That love's pure altar fire still burns,
And cherished voices, silent long,
Will sing again the echoing song.

Ring on, oh island bells! ring on!
Your music speeds far o'er the sea.
Their memories hold it who have gone,
It lingers ever here with me.

And when the night in silence waits,
And stars move on toward morning's gates,
I, wakeful, feel your music still;
Through all my soul sweet memories thrill.

Then, hushed in worship, solemn, high,
The still, small voice, my soul within,
Shall whisper: "Immortality!
There is no death for aught but sin."

O bells of gladness! bells of cheer!
Ring out, each Sabbath, loud and clear!
And sound afar, in every tone,
That Love and Law and Life are One!

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Uncle Jethro's Telephone.

BY ANNA C. STARBUCK.

He had read the daily paper,
With a strange, bewildered face,
For his eyes were getting foggy,
And 'twas hard to keep the place.
Up and down the printed columns
Tacking to and fro he went;
Skipping many things as senseless,
Since he knew not what they meant.

Uncle Jethro was a sailor;
All his life he'd been at sea,
Picking up the rarest knowledge
That would puzzle you and me;
But the mysteries of language,
Or the learning of the schools,
Could not tame the roving nature
Of his mind that laughed at rules.

Uncle Jethro was a poet
In his warm and trusting heart;
Though he never wrote a sonnet;
Knew no trick of rhythmic art;
But his quaint and glowing fancies
Kept him happy all the day,
Swinging in the shrouds and dreaming
Till his hair was salt with spray.

On the land his soul was restless,
And he pined, like any child,
For the ocean's heaving bosom
And her strange caresses, wild;
For he loved her bright caprices,
And his face lit up with joy
As he walked the deck at evening,
Singing gaily: "Ship ahoy!"

But old age at last had grappled
With his taut and stalwart frame,
And his eyes were dim and dry at anchor
On the shore, where life is tame;
And he chafed in mind and body
At the city's dull restraint;
Longed to reef a sail, or listen
To the sea-gull's short complaint.

So he read the daily paper
With a torture at his heart;
Skipped the monetary column;
In the leader took no part;
But a floating joke or "topic"
Caught the twinkle of his eye,
While a tale of want or sorrow
Woke the echo of a sigh.

And he read of new inventions;
Of the wondrous Telephone
That could catch the human whisper
And convey its magic tone.
And he wondered if its power
Any messages could bring
From the ocean's voice at midnight,
When the billows laugh and sing.

Then his eyes grew moist, and reaching
For a sea-shell resting near,
With a loving touch he bore it,
Trembling, to his waiting ear.
All the ocean's giant soul,
Murmured through the shell in psalms
Written on no earthly scroll.

Uncle Jethro knew their meaning,
And in rapture brushed away
From his ear, with jealous fingers,
Tangled locks of silver-gray;
And he listened, listened softly
Till his face with beauty shone;
And they found him calmly sleeping,
Grasping fast his telephone.

Old Nantucket.

Old Nantucket is the spot,
So the strangers all do say,
When city weather is dry and hot,
To come and pass the summer away.

The air is pure, the breezes cool,
The streets are clean and neat;
The strangers say as a rule,
That old Nantucket can't be beat.

They come from near, they come from far
From the south and from the west,
And when they get inside the bar
They then begin to take their rest.

We gladly welcome strangers here,
We like to see their smiling faces;
It is admitted both far and near,
Nantucket leads the watering places.

Folks flock by thousands to our shores
To breathe our pure and fresh sea air;
When they come, open wide your doors,
And bid them all a welcome there.

We'll raise our voices loud and free,
And fill the air for many a mile;
But let the tuneful chorals be,
To old Nantucket, sea-girt Isle.

ELISHA P. GARDNER

1882
NANTUCKET.
Written for the Nantucket Journal.

An Ocean home thou art indeed,
Wave-washed on either side,
The green and blue are pencilled on
The rapid, flowing tide.

There is a nameless majesty,
A beauty and a grace,
Which time hath woven o'er thy brow,
While gliding on apace.

There is an antique air that lends
Enchantment to the view
Which meets the eye on either shore,
Of weird form and hue.

The houses shingled o'er like roofs,
Lie dotted on the plain,
As rude in structure as the knolls,
Which look out on the main.

Thy citizens are granite-cast
In manner meek and true:
Fresh as the breeze which whistled by,
Or lily-cup of dew.

Rocked on the billow of the deep,
They steer with steady hand,
And never for a moment quail,
Till anchored near the land.

If we could gather up the deeds
Which grace the years gone by,
Or tell the countless perils passed
Beneath an angry sky,

There would a thrilling tale be told,
Than fiction stranger far,
Sublimar than the ocean wave
And soft as twilight star.

But though the men have passed away
Who gave this isle a name,
Nantucket is an ocean gem
And will be e'er the same.

Nantucket Secedes!

From the Vineyard Gazette.

According to a mainland newspaper, Nantucket, that "flake-tailed" island of song and story, especially stories, is thinking of seceding from Massachusetts, and seeks a territorial status like Hawaii, its own government, flag, and defences, or something like that. What a refuge for big business men if they abolish the income tax! Indeed, it was something like that which started Nantucket and raised it to the status of a colony. As the Vineyard was annexed by Massachusetts at the same time, perhaps Dukes County may also regain its independence.

The Starbucks and the Coffins
And the Whitesides and the Folgers
Who started out of Edgartown
In days of long ago,
And settled old Nantucket
Without church or state or soldiers;
They said "We know just what we want
And we will make it so!"

They did. They farmed and fished a bit,
They traded and they whaled it,
And trained their future citizens
On voyages round the Horn.

On land or sea the prowess
Of the island never failed it,
'Twas thus that old-time Yankee
Self-sufficiency was born.

Was there a war? The elders met
To talk the matter over,
Deciding if the country
Or the enemy was right.

Full often they just ruled:
"We're doing business here in clover
Just write and tell the Congress
That we have no time to fight!"

The famous Revolution
Left them cold. 'Twas "just a
bubble,
Blown up by danged off-Islanders
With nothing else to do.

If only they would work
'Twould keep the whole kit out of
trouble."
Thus said the old commanders
And the mess boys and the crew.

And so through all the centuries
Nantucket by her lonely
Has held the course her founders
Had laid out upon the chart.
"Nantucket for Nantucketers,"
That was their motto only,
"Come if you like us, if you don't
Just hold a course apart!"

And now they talk secession
From the state and from the nation.
They don't want interference
By the Brain Trust any more.
This vision of her freedom
May be no hallucination;
Nantucket folks may yet repeat
The daring deeds of yore.

A Nantucket Snap-Shot.

Grandfather Wood, in a moor-going
surrey,
Waits at the head of the Main Street
Square;
The cars crowd near, the traffic's in a
flurry,
But he is calm and he doesn't care;
For he drives a fat horse, and they
neither of them worry,
Their feet were early trained to the
feel of the moors,
And Grandfather Wood who is never
in a hurry,
Is a true, tried son of the Great Out-
doors.

"The blue fish are a-runnin',
Want to go a-crabbin'?"
Want to go a-Mayflowerin' on South
Shore plain?"
(There's Grandfather Wood in his
moor-going surrey,
You surely want to see that old man
again).

Grandfather Wood has struck hands
with a president,
Grandfather Wood has hobnobbed
with the great;
He stands very well with every sum-
mer resident,
And he's waiting at the steamboat
wharf early and late.
Grandfather Wood is the oldest, last-
est Veteran,
(But he's Veteran of many a finer
thing than war)
He knows the beach-plum route and
the wild grapes to boot,
And where the orchids grow, and
where the mushrooms are.

Want your cat-boat rigged?
Want your moorings down?
Want to buy a skiff, or a second-hand
car?
Tell Grandfather Wood who has al-
ready twigged,
That you'll need a lot of things, and
want to know where they are.

Grandfather Wood agrees with "Pro-
hibition",
He knows he doesn't drink and he
thinks he doesn't swear;
He has a lot of sympathy for all
erudition,
And if there's any speechifying he'll
be there,
Grandfather Wood, if you want to go
a-scallopin',
Says, "I got the run of it, get in,
we'll see."
Off goes the fat horse a-rearin' and
a-gallopin',
And the surrey takes a slant like a
schooner far at sea.

"Want to see a loon with two fish in
his stomach?
Want to tie a turkshead or make rope
rings?
Want to take a cruise to Gibbs' Pond
or to Hummock?"
Ask Grandfather Wood, he'll help you
with those things.

Grandfather Wood doesn't hold much
with motors,
Whenever he rides in one it's only to
oblige.
The autos snort their cut-outs, the
excited chauffeur sputters,
The air is thick with quoting, from
Moses down to 'Lige;
They choke the rutted roadways, they
back on the sidewalks,
Pedestrians and chickens and children
are on the run.

Grandfather Wood very calm in his
pride-walks,
A knowing horse in front of him, four
wheels bright as sun.
While autos lose their bearings, block
their headway, and defiant,
Toot their raucous horns and slam
their heavy doors,
Grandfather Wood, quiet, calm, and
self-reliant,
Says, "I got the run of it"....careens
across the moors.
Want to go to Madaket? Want to see
the Ocean?
Want to cut across to the Surf-Side
Shores?
Grandfather Wood will take you. I've
a notion
That if he drives you once, he'll drive
you lots more.

—Edwina Stanton Babcock.

1858
FAREWELL TO NANTUCKET.

Farewell to Nantucket; a weeping farewell!
Yet close to my heart shall thy memory dwell;
I may journey away, but can never forget,
Friends at the fireside where my heart lingers yet.

O'er thy vales I have strayed, and then in my dreams,
Have bowed o'er the waves that dimpled thy
streams;

To my sight did arise hill, flower, and tree,
O'er mounds of beauty when my heart was with thee.

I have worshipped thy sunsets with beauties untold,
The bright Autumn tinge of blue, purple and gold;
And think of thee oft on a star-spangled eve,
For fancy then wishes her magic to weave.

I have loved the calm Sabbath; that sacred day,
That calls from earth, toils and trials away;
Round altars most precious my heart lingered,
where

Influence arose from the temple of prayer.

I have wept with the lonely, in woe and in weal;
I've united my heart with the hearts that can feel;
I've mourned for the prized by their calm dying
bed,

And affection's wreath was entwined for the dead.

Loved friends, adieu! I have thought of thee well;
With feelings unspoken will my sad bosom swell,
But the wish of the absent ever will be,
That the favors of Heaven may fall upon thee.

1880

NANTUCKET.

BY AN OFF ISLANDER.

The poet may sing of the old oaken bucket,
And all the loved spots that his infancy knew;
But dearer to me are the charms of Nantucket,
When fond recollection recalls them to view.
The ship-channel lanes that need skippers and soundings,—

Where they go to, no "coof" or land-lubber can tell,
The crowded Main street, with its varied surroundings,
And even the sound of the town-crier's bell—
The dulcet-toned Billy, the tender-voiced Billy,
The Billy who owns that mellifluous bell.

Whatever disasters occur on the mainland:
If savings banks break, or if burglars annoy;
If murderers die happy, or worse still, get pardoned,
If floods overcome, or if fires destroy,—
The peaceful Nantucketer needs no newspaper,
With head-lines and captions, the story to tell;
Secure in their tight little homes on the island
They wait for the sound of the town-crier's bell—
The dulcet-toned Billy, the tender-voiced Billy,
The Billy who owns that mellifluous bell.

Should a schooner, bark-rigged, from the "Cape" or
New Bedford,
Anchor off the Straight wharf with a cargo of fruit—
"Sweet potatoes and peaches, bananas and peanuts,
Green apples and lemons," with prices to suit,
How quickly doth Billy, the peripatetic,
Make haste through the island the tidings to tell;
How quickly he touches a chord sympathetic
When he heralds the fact with his brass-throated bell—

The dulcet-toned Billy, the tender-voiced Billy,
The Billy who owns that mellifluous bell.

But when a great crisis arrives, and a "corner"
Is created in beef by some sharp financier,
And prices go up—and a broker still sharper
Sees his chance and goes in with a wise auctioneer,
Then Billy, twice-armed, with his bell and his trumpet,
Diaphonic both in their cadence and swell,
Forecasts the "corned beef" to be thrown on the market,
And announces its advent by ringing his bell—
The dulcet-toned Billy, the tender-voiced Billy,
The Billy who owns that mellifluous bell.

I am getting in years, and I'm growing splenetic;
I no longer take baths at the "Clean Shore" or
"Cliff,"
Blue-fishing I hate, and squantums grow tedious,
And all that I want of the South Shore is a sniff.
But the dear old antique, time-honored Nantuck-

et!
How dearly I love it no mortal can tell;
Its lanes and its sand, and its "tips" and its auctions,
Its Billy, and even, yes, even his bell—
The dulcet-toned Billy, the tender-voiced Billy,
The Billy who owns that mellifluous bell.
NANTUCKET, Aug. 17, 1880.

For Others' Sake!

[Lines suggested by the snow-blizzard on Nantucket Island, Feb. 12-13, 1899.]

They smote my window-pane, and sash—
Wildly, as cruel sabre's clash,
The storm's keen lances fell!
Then, like a frenzied chieftain, roared
The North Wind; and his heartless horde
Rang out a chilling knell!

The white dust of the troopers blew
Against my window; but I knew
Th' invaders were at bay;
My home stood like a castle, and
Defied the hosts from Zembla's land!
At last, the morning grey

Revealed the ravage of the night;
A vessel, shattered, hove in sight;
I heard a cry: "What of the crew?"
With hearts like those of Pilgrim stock,
Men scaled huge ice-floes; met the shock
Of the mad gale, daring to do.

They were as truly Christians there,
As where the church-bell calls to prayer;
For others' sake, faced the fierce cold;
The rigors of the biting blast
That swept the deck; broke the stout mast,
And threatened what no pen e'er told!

For others' sake, our coast-patrol
Keeps sleepless watch of the dread shoal
That mutters of the ocean's wrath!
Bleak is his way o'er the lone strand;
The surfman's eye, his ready hand,
Companions, on a trackless path!

The faintest light off shore, to him
Means sacrifice; no spectres grim
E'er daunt his courage; life for life
Is pledged, where'er he signs the roll
Of heroes on the coast-patrol—
With fearful work and danger rife!

Ne'er let one winter night shut down
In murky shadow, o'er our town,
Without a prayerful thought of these—
Their dismal beats; th' appalling cry
Across the wave, of those who die
For other's sake, upon the seas!

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

1890

NANTUCKET.

BY P. C. HATCH.

Nantucket—there is magic in the sound
That stirs the memories of years long past;
If I could choose to earth's remotest bound,
That isle should be my resting-place at last.

When I remember scenes of childish glee,
And think what I enjoyed in days of yore,
Thoughts of the past come vividly to me,
Again I long to tread my native shore.

I feel, or seem to feel, as I did when
I looked at all things on the brightest side;
I feel the buoyancy of youth again,
But ah! that feeling cannot long abide.

Too soon there comes a realizing sense,
That I'm indulging in a waking dream;
Alas! that sea-girt isle is far from hence—
Thousands of miles between us intervene.

I'll not complain at the all-wise decree,
But trustingly submit to higher power;
For God has been most merciful to me,
And cast my lot mid ever-blooming flower.

Here is a constant verdure, trees are ever green,
Each changing season greets us with a smile,
But gladly would I change the glittering scene,
To look once more upon my native isle.

Nantucket, I am justly proud of thee,
Not only that thou art my place of birth,
And all familiar scenes are dear to me,
But much I hear of thy intrinsic worth.

There's not a place 'tis said in this broad land
Where woman has displayed more power of mind;
Some have in science taken a high stand,
Others have wooed the muse and found her kind.

There's not a day, throughout the glad some year,
But my far-off island home comes to my mind;
Sometimes I'm joyous, oft times drop a tear
For loved ones gone, who were to me most kind.

I once had many friends upon that spot,
At least, in youth, we fancied we were friends;
Those early feelings may be all forgot,
For youthful friendship oft in that way ends.

By ties of consanguinity I'm bound
To many loved ones who still sojourn there;
May their regard not prove an empty sound,
As evanescent as the passing air.

Nantucket, I must say to thee farewell,
Thou'lt ever be to me a sacred spot;
If I can look on thee once more 'tis well,
But I submit, if God decrees it not.

[This poem was written by Mrs. Phebe Cartwright Hatch, sister of our once talented towns-woman, Mrs. Mary Starbuck Coffin.—ED.]

ISLE OF NANTUCKET.

Old Boston I prize, with its memories rare,
For its learning and culture I love it;
But when I tire of the roar and the blare,
Let me hie to the Isle of Nantucket.

The ocean surrounds me. My heart cannot utter
The thoughts that roll in with the breakers,
As I think of the time when the island so old
Took all toll from the sea—as God's acre.

The man of the world may go far and wide
For his pleasure—and ne'er overtake it;
My journey is short, but I rest me content
In the quaint old Isle of Nantucket.

The hoofs of the horses sound clear in the still-
ness,
All Nature asserts her dominion;
The birds nestle and chirp—undisturbed by the
hunter—
And the breezes blow soft o'er the headland.

Leave the island in peace, to the end of all
time,
With its rest, and its beauty, and quiet;
May the honk and hustle, and dross of the line
Find no footing in old Nantucket.

May its shoals prove as iron against all in-
trusion,
And the Dove of Peace brood o'er the wa-
ters,
And bring back to its shores, all it takes from
its moors;
And Liberty ring through its rafters.

In the hush of the twilight, Heaven seems to
grow nearer,
And life seems to almost o'ertake it.
And I sleep and I dream. And I gladly
awake

On the beautiful Isle of Nantucket.
Mercie Bartlett Macey.
Written on Nantucket Island.

The Old Nantucket Song.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Some weeks ago you very kindly let me use your columns to inquire for the verses and authorship of a song which the children in the West Grammar School used to sing, about 1846. Several verses of the song were sent to me by various persons, and the version which follows is probably fairly complete and will interest those who used to sing the song, as well as all lovers of Nantucket.

On old Nantucket's sea-girt isle,
Many an hour I've whiled away
Listening to the breakers roar,
As along the sandy beach they play.
Then who would leave our island fair
Whose shores are washed by ocean's wave?
Or who would leave our own pure air
And rolling surf our limbs to lave?

Chorus:

We'll raise our voices loud and free
And fill the air for many a mile,
And let the tuneful chorus be
To old Nantucket's sea-girt isle!

Then who would leave our sunny isle
For city's sultry air and din,
Where pampered riches' languid smile
Betrays the sickly state within?
Or who would leave the ceaseless roar
Of ocean waters in their strife,
Our pebbled beach and sandy shore
For country's dull and plodding life?

Chorus:

Then who that has an honest heart
Would leave the island of his birth
And from that sacred soil depart
Where rest his sires in Mother Earth?
Nor city din nor country charms
Our wayward fancies can beguile;
But happy still in Nature's arms
On this, our own, our native isle.

Chorus:

It has been suggested that George Howland Folger was the author of this song, but his son proves this to be an error. More recent authority gives the author as George B. Upton, Senior; and the lady who sends me his name says: "Mr. Upton was an intimate friend of my father and a member of a brilliant coterie of literary persons who met often at our house in 'Sconset. I have heard him sing the song there and feel sure he is the author."

If this be true, then Mr. Upton did not fulfill the sentiment of his song, since he not only left his native isle "for city's sultry air and din," but actually became one of Boston's prominent mayors! His departure from the island is accounted for, however, by the business depression which followed the great fire of 1846.

Hoping that this song may interest many of your readers who may wish to preserve and sing it themselves—(does anyone know the original melody?)—I remain,

Very truly yours,
Helen C. McCleary.

Brookline, Mass.

From the Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

BY AN OFF ISLANDER.

The poet may sing of the old oaken bucket,
And all the loved spots that his infancy knew;
But dearer to me are the charms of Nantucket,
When fond recollection recalls them to view.
The ship-channel lanes that need skippers and soundings,—

Where they go to, no "coof" or land-lubber can tell,
The crowded Main street, with its varied surroundings,
And even the sound of the town-crier's bell—
The dulcet-toned Billy, the tender-voiced Billy,
The Billy who owns that mellifluous bell.

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If savings banks break, or if burglars annoy;
If murderers die happy, or worse still, get pardon-
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nuts,
Green apples and lemons," with prices to suit,
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Make haste through the island the tidings to tell;
How quickly he touches a chord sympathetic
When he heralds the fact with his brass-throated bell—
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Is created in beef by some sharp financier,
And prices go up—and a broker still sharper
Sees his chance and goes in with a wise auction-
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Then Billy, twice-armed, with his bell and his trumpet,
Diaphonic both in their cadence and swell,
Forecasts the "corned beef" to be thrown on the market,
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I no longer take baths at the "Clean Shore" or
"Cliff,"
Blue-fishing I hate, and squantums grow tedious,
And all that I want of the South Shore is a sniff.
But the dear old antique, time-honored Nantucket!
How dearly I love it no mortal can tell;
Its lanes and its sand, and its "tips" and its auc-
tions,
Its Billy, and even, yes, even his bell—
The dulcet-toned Billy, the tender-voiced Billy,
The Billy who owns that mellifluous bell.
NANTUCKET, Aug. 17, 1880.

The Isle of Nantucket.

How dear to my heart is the Isle of Nantucket,
Where beautiful roses and holly-
hocks grow;
Where old fashioned gardens smile
up at the sunshine
With box-bordered flower beds all
in a row;
No place on earth has hydrangeas so
lovely
As those on the lawns of this old
Quaker town;
The pink honeysuckle, the phlox and
white lilies,
The asters and dahlias with blos-
soms sag down.
Nantucket, I love thee—dear island of
beauty,
Blest spot in the ocean, you're
heaven to me.

The sweet scented moorlands are
covered with wild flowers,
Which botanists search for like
gems very rare;
And cool fragrant swamps with their
ferns and their mosses
Invite us to linger and breathe their
sweet air;
The ponds with their reeds and the
cat-o-nines swaying,
And pond lily pads with their blos-
soms so white;
The iris so stately makes purple their
shore lines,
While hibiscus pink makes a glori-
ous sight.
Nantucket, I love thee—dear island of
beauty,
Blest spot in the ocean, you're
heaven to me.

How dear to my heart is this beauti-
ful island,
Where sunsets paint pictures in
heavenly hue,
As slowly the golden sun sinks in the
ocean,
And gently the darkness comes hid-
ing the view.
But oh, what a picture it is in the
moonlight,
With diamonds dancing out on the
dark sea.
The sounds of the ocean around this
dear island
Just lulls me to sleep with its deep
harmony.
Nantucket, I love thee—dear island
of beauty,
Blest spot in the ocean, you're
heaven to me.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.
The Palm Leaf Fan.

BY MRS. EUNICE B. LAMBERTON.

I am nothing on earth but a palm leaf fan,
But I smile with a weird grimace,
When I slyly gaze from my Methodist pew
Like the moon, with its calm pale face,
Out the beans and girls, as they ogle and flirt,
From behind my broad expanse,
While they bow their heads in devotion low,
With sheep's-eyes and blushes askance.

I stand on one leg when I'm thrown aside,
Like a stork, in confusion dire,
With never a word when the deacon grave
Tried to flirt with the girl in the choir;
But perched erect in my corner dim,
I muse on the wiles of man,
While Grandma dreams of the lapse of time,
As she nods o'er her palm-leaf fan.

There are fans of feathers and fans of lace,
And fans of silk galore,
For the portly dame, and the mincing belle:
With a sheen like the waves of the shore.
And their breath steals silently on and on,
Like a zephyr from Araby's isle,
As hidden away 'neath the cushion grey
All flat on my face I smile

I smirk at the parson, I wink at the pew,
For life's comical side is there;
At the spinster's curl and the widower's wig,
As it tips askew in the prayer;
At the low amen from the fervent soul,
Whose voice has a slyly drawl,
But whose heart is as hard as the stony flint,
His religion a mockery all.

Then I winnow the brows of the heated throng,
And flirt on my way with the misses,
I toy with the babies to bless the bright eyes,
And steal from the pretty ones, kisses.
From palace to cot, I meander at will,
So short and uncertain life's span;
Then to with the mouse to the mouldering
church,

And die, just an old palm-leaf fan.

STASCONSET, MASS., Sept. 7th.

From the Polaris Investigator.

NANTUCKET.

Oh! quaint old island! frozen-land and sand—
Bereft of mails—although so amply man'd,
Naught can the eye but icy space embrace,
What claim hast thou to a watering place?
"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"
I find all means of getting to and fro—no go.
A captive here I mourn, until the breeze frees seas
From ice, and snow, that never go, but obstinately
freeze.

Would I were in thine ice-bound sound, found
drowned;

Or in some quiet eel-hole's depths profound!—
Yet I'll not weep, for brighter themes allure,
For mortal ills a sleighride's your sure cure.
Let us raise sleighs, and greys, or bays, for quaise;
And after reaching that sweet spot, which hardly
pays

A close investigation, we come home from Squam
Or, Soonset, the surf, surfeited, or from the head of
"Tom,"

Whose surname's "Never," and who never goes
from home.

Or else—from lovely "Quidnit," filled with calm de-
light;

We townward take our way with appetite quite
right.

Nor less inspiring—to my gentle muse—

To see the youths, with many a ruse, choose crews.

Some "Ray" serene, enthroned mid Grace's faces—

Some "Coffin" grave—Miss Macy's traces—chases.

While one with "Marshall" cloak around him races.

Some retrospective "Swain" his whip employs

To guard his rear, where dirty urchins poise;

And all his pleasure—Joy's—boy's noise alloys;

Or turn we where they of their "coast" most boast.

And beauty-freighted sleds, brave wind and frost.

"Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm" they
glide

Or over turned in transitu—they with their guide,
slide wide,

These, as they roll, she attendant swains restore,

And after one mishap, they four-score more implore

Then let us view the glories of the isle,—

In unctuous factory a while beguile—

Where they make candles, or with toil, boil oil,

By strong arms wrested from their ocean spoil.

Next on the ancient wharves we take a walk—

Survey "Swain's" schooner "Barker's" bark, re-
mark

Instead of masts—a forest of eel-spears appears,

Each from the depths—its squirming prey uprears.

Observe the good man, see how blest he feels,

When, by some chance, he for his meals, steals eels.

Then comes, of course, the Town House—stately
pile—

I view it's noble front, and rather smile the while.

Stupendous fabric! worthy of my rhyme's fine chime,

I feel thou art "not for a day, but for all time."—

Thence to the Newbegins', by no means new begin-
ners.

Since ninety years they've dwelt apart from other
sinner's dinners.

Those peerless maidens—— but I must forbear—

They have been sung, for bards, ne'er spare the fair,
their share.

Here must I close—too far my lay may stray,

Though whalers may discern the force of a long lay.

God bless you—ye Nantucketers, forevermore,

And send less ice, in winter, and in summer more!

Mr. MULLET.

A STORY OF THE GLACIAL EPOCH
OF NANTUCKET.

BY F. W. OSBORNE.

They were prisoners at Nantucket, for the Ice
King held his sway
From "The Point" beyond "Coskata," to
"Muskeget," far away.
For weeks the sun rose o'er the harbor, and
with frigid glare it shone
O'er the stiffened, silent waters where the Ice
King had his throne.

There were brave hearts at Nantucket, but the
cold king's reign was long,
And they knew that famine threatened, with its
gaunt and awful form;
For even now the thrifty housewives with dis-
may beheld their store
Vanish into hungry stomachs, when they knew
there was no more.

But the old bell, ever faithful, golden-tongued,
within the tower,
Sung its sweet notes to the people o'er the
island ev'ry hour;

Day and night it seemed to tell them, echoing
dreamlike thro' the air:
"Ye ne'er can drift beyond, O children, the juris-
diction of God's care!"

Still gaunt-eyed Famine close and closer into
empty pantries peered;
Watched with jealous gaze the housewives cook
the eels their husbands spared.
Thus the people of Nantucket lived along from
hand to mouth,
Praying for their great deliverer—balmy breezes
from the south.

While the famine stared the fiercest, one eve,
within the twilight hour,
A maiden by the old church wandered, 'neath
the ancient bell and tower;

She paused by that historic structure, with
sweet face upturned toward the bell,
While, like ghosts of the dead day, 'neath it,
sat the incoherent shadows fell.

There, within the shadows kneeling o'er a hard
and icy stone,
The simple child poured out her heart-ache, in
quivering accents o'er the throne;

Yes, in lisping tones she's praying, with a child-
ish faith, serene.

To that great, grand Soul above us, yet unseen—

"O, Dear Dod! please brin' ye steam-boat, wif
sum vites, pitty quick,

For vere's lots of fin's were wantin', an' my
mommer, she is sick;

So, if you will send ve fin's down—an' don't
fordit some yeastcakes, ven

I fink my mommer will get better. So, Dear
Dod, dood-bye! Amen!"

"Amen! Amen!" the old bell murmured, as it
caught the child's refrain,

And carried it beyond the shadows, high above
the frozen main.

If God's grand portals ever open to the knock-
ing of the heart,

They were opened wide that evening by the
maid's unstudied art;

For, early in the morning hours, Hull and Clark
went up and down,

Crying out "The steamer's coming!" and elec-
trified the town.

The people on the hillsides gathered; eager
eyes were strained afar,

To behold the welcome vision of a hull or sail
or spar.

Ha! away there toward the northward comes
their namesake slowly down

Around the Point to old Coskata, with salvation
for the town!

Then away toward their "Mecca" from the
village went the trains,

As the caravans of Afric cross the desert's
famine-plains.

All the trains came back well loaded with
sustenance for man and beast,

And the Lord among the good things slipped a
thousand cakes of yeast.

There is gladness in Nantucket, as soft the
old bell echoes there:

"Ye ne'er can drift beyond, O children, the
jurisdiction of God's care!"

We have received from F. W. Devoe

Nantucket-Bound

(Written in 1938).

The ship "Naushon" in playful glee
Tossed high the foam and spray,
As eagerly it plowed the sea
To make Nantucket Bay.

Upon the deck with me there sailed
A queenly girl, so fair,
That stealing near with intent veiled
The sea-mist kist her hair.

We watched that day with keen delight
The sea-gulls drift and dip
As gracefully upon their flight
They hovered near the ship.

The fog-sprite came with soft foot-fall
Her mischief to begin;
Her grey-spun shawl soon covered all
And hemmed our vision in.

The surly whistle harsh and rude
Oft broke our fancies' chain
To warn of Danger's habitude
Upon that hidden main.

Enchained to some remorseless reef,
Uncomforted, alone,
A restless bell-buoy tolled its grief
In mournful monotone.

Then came the silver drops of rain
From prison-clouds set free,
That danced with joy to find again
And join their Mother-Sea.

The grey-robed Day took sudden flight
And on her throne too soon
Sat sullen Night without the light
Of any star or moon.

At last the whistle's blast was stilled;
The fog-banks rolled away;
And how we thrilled when Heaven
spilled

Her beauty on the bay!

We saw the island lights that gleamed
Like stars transposed in space.
Unreal they seemed. Perhaps we
dreamed

Of that enchanted place.

We drank delight that mortals know
In moments free from care,
When Heaven leans to earth below
And trails her glory there!

Benjamin R. Beers

6 Lyman Terrace

Dorchester, Mass.

Petticoat Row.

Reprinted from *Inquirer and Mirror*
of October 6, 1923.

"Ting-a-ling-ling" sings the little bell
Dancing above the door,
And, "How's thee do?" says a gentle
voice,

As we enter the little store.
"A piece o' 'lastic for mother, please,
An' a round-comb for my hair."....
Then hop-skip down to Petticoat Row
To the dame-shops clustered there.

And first comes Emmeline Coffin's
With ribbons and hats so gay,
Where once Mrs. Lucy Mitchell
Used to offer a good display.
There, too, Mary Abby Hussey
Exhibited hats so fine;
But now, when we need millinery,
We buy it of Emmeline.
Keziah helps, too, in the making,
And the bonnets are pretty to see;
But Sally Ann Coleman's across the
street

Are the handsomest ones to me.
A stately woman is Sally Ann,
With beautiful snow-white hair,
And her niece, Mary Crosby Wyer,
With a deft touch, here and there,
Makes all the bonnets look so select
With a really Parisian air!
Yes, I know they are very expensive,
But oh, they are perfectly sweet!
Some day, when we're grown-up
ladies,

We'll wear one along Main Street.

But hop-skip on to the toy-shop
That is kept by Sophia Ray,
Where candies and toys and goodies
Are spread in a tempting way.
"A cent's worth o' peanuts, please—
Oh, yes, an' a peppermint, red, today,
That big one there—an' a lickerish
ball—

An' some gentlemen's tears." "Well
done!
But, child, if you're going to eat them
all,

Now what will your mother say?"
(Oh the wonderful things in that
wonderful shop

Of Sophia and Uncle Ray!)
Sophia, a motherly, kindly soul,
Combines many things in one.
For she also circulates books to read,
Has fancy-work finely done,
Such things as nubes and knitted
shoes,

Oh, lots of beautiful things to choose.
And all the time, in back of it all,
The ladies "up North" who stop to
call

Keep circulating the news!

Come, look at Mrs. Hooper's,
For Christmas time is here.
Oh, see the dolls! imported toys!
The candies! my! so dear!
The sign's out, "Chicken Chowder,"
I'd rather have ice-cream
And some of those nice frosted
rounds—

Wish we had time to stop,
Let's buy some printed lozengers
With mottoes on the top.
It's fun to watch Black Martha
Appear and disappear,
The trap-door opens—up she comes!
Then down again she goes!
Oh, there's lots to see in Hooper's
For anyone who knows.

Don't stop at Bennett's shoe-store,
Come, let us hurry by
To Sarah B's and Mary P's;
They keep a good supply
Of copy-books an' pencils
And puzzles from the city;
An' maybe Phoebe Clisby
Will show us something pretty.
"Please, Phoebe Lizzie, may we try
That puzzle-ring once more?
And may we see those leather bags
You spoke about before?"
Oh, the last shop in the Row is best,
The two Swain sisters' store!

But we must get the dry-goods
That mother wants to buy.
Let's step into this little store
Of Mary Harris Nye.
She used to be a Miss Riddell,
Her sister, Sarah B.,
Helped her mother Charlotte run it;
They had the store, you see.
Now Lydia Ann Clisby
Has the selling all to do,
She'll match the patterns for us,
Both the lavender and blue.

Next, up to Mrs. Manter's,
So dignified is she!
She does a thriving business
While the Cap'n is at sea.
Her daughter, Clara Manter,
Is her mother's right-hand man,
If they can't match the worsted,
There's someone else who can.
We'll just go up the street a bit
To Mary F's, you know,

Miss Coleman's store is up-to-date,
The second in the Row.
Her new clerk, Susie Winslow,
They say is doing well
And seems real interested
In learning how to sell.

Now for the final errand
At Hannah's across the street.
Miss Sheffield keeps an assortment
Of buttons and trimmings neat.
She'll give us a smiling welcome,
In her usual quiet way,
She's a wonderful business woman,
Tho' she mustn't expect, they say,
To quite fill the place
Of 'Lizy Ann Chase,
But she'll compass it yet, some day.

* * * * *
The years hurry on in their cycle
And families come and go—
What's this you are trying to tell me?
"Why, Hannah is gone, you know,
The last of the women merchants
Keeping shop in the famous Row.
Very strange it will seem without
them

In our saunterings, to and fro,
Very strange not to see them always
When into the shops we go.
Their methods unique—their greet-
ings—

Their wit—we shall miss it so!"
Thus we smile and we sigh, as we
sadly record
The passing of Petticoat Row.

For Centre Street now, as we see it,
Bears many an alien name.
The best of its charm has vanished,
It never can be the same.
Then here's to Nantucket women,
In the days of auld lang syne!
Here's to their independence
And their qualities so fine!
Here's to the wit and humor
Of many a kindly dame!
Here's to their industry and thrift,
Their honesty, their fame!

—Helen Cartwright McCleary.

*Note: The author is aware that the
women in the above sketch were not
all contemporaries; but the span of
their lives interwoven covered a
definite period in the 60's, 70's and
80's.*

Petticoat Row.

Three names were omitted from the
list of women who have conducted
shops on Centre street during the last
three-quarters of a century. In addi-
tion to those mentioned last week
should appear the names of Nellie M.
Keane, Elizabeth Gifford, and Emma
Fraser. Miss Keane had a millinery
shop there, Mrs. Gifford sold shoes,
and Miss Fraser also had a millinery
store. There may be others who are
entitled to be listed as among the
denizens of Petticoat Row. If any of
our readers can recall one or more of
the estimable ladies who have conduc-
ted establishments on Centre street,
we trust they will so inform us. At
present our list is as follows:

Avis Pinkham.
Eliza Ann Chase.
Betsy Chase.
Sally Ann Coleman.
Lucy Mitchell.
Emiline and Kesiah Coffin.
Mrs. N. H. Manter.
Mary P. Swain.
Sophia Ray.
Charlotte Riddell.
Mrs. L. A. Hooper.
Mary H. Nye.
Lydia Ann Clisby.
Mary F. Coleman.
Mary Abby Hussey.
Phebe E. Clisby.
Hannah G. Sheffield.
Elizabeth Gifford.
Mrs. Channing Cabot.
Nellie M. Keane.
Edith R. Sylvia.
Ella F. Sylvia.
Emma Fraser.
Ann Amelia Westgate.
Carrie James Long.
Cora Stevens.

Ode to Straight Wharf

Day blended into night.
Dim, was the yellow light.
Nantucket was at rest
Within her Island nest.

Night as fresh as grass
Boosted Theatre class
Who promised — very soon,
To give romance a boon.

But fate doesn't say when
It's far beyond our ken
To know that future stands
To rob us of our plans.

Swift messages were sent
'Twas fireman's lament
That echoed on the tide.
Help came from every side.

Saying, "This can't be true!
"It's making us so blue,
"History fries in flame;
"We wonder who's to blame."

Then, not a word was spoken.
Eight-thirty, brought us — token.
"Straight Wharf", the "Queen of
Hearts",
Was burning us apart.

Yes, 'Twas old I guess,
But let us all confess;
She brightened up our gloom
Housed in her quaint room.

So, Hurrah! for famous "Straight
Wharf."

He's safe in God's happy loft
Here stages have no end.
men! and Amen!

Jennye Dudley
99 Main St.

1975 April



